THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

HENRY CABOT LODGE

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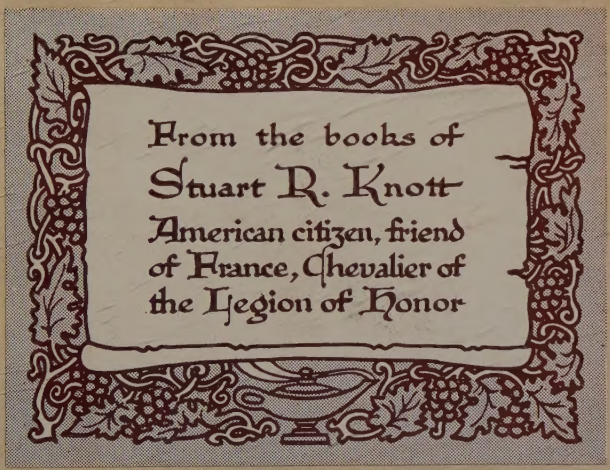

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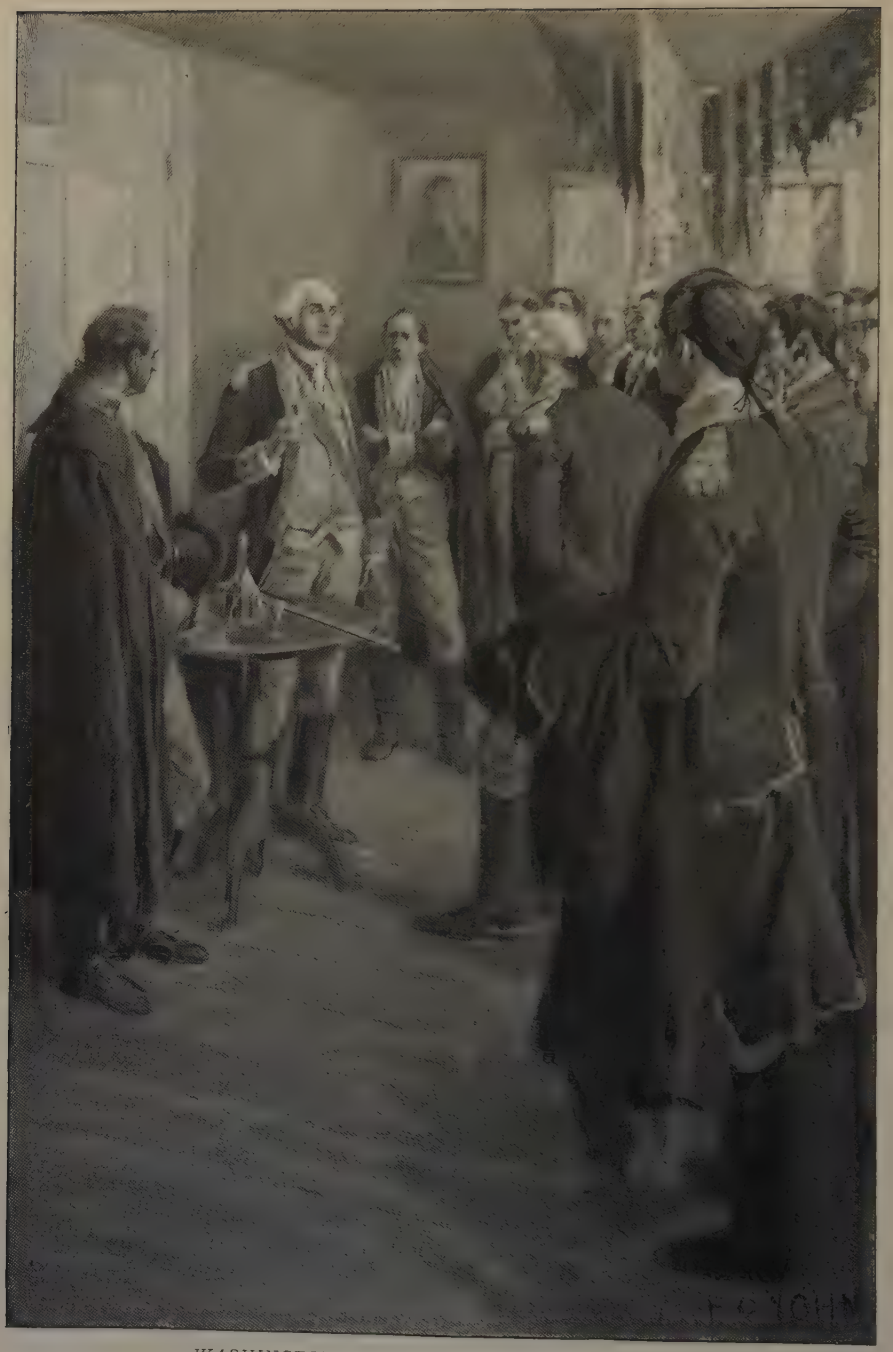


WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS.

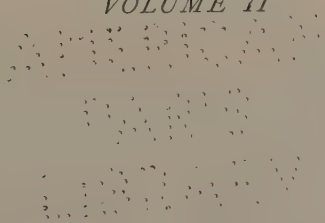
"With a heart full of gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE

VOLUME II



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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED

AFTER the Battle of Monmouth the war in the Northern Department dragged on through the summer without any general campaign, and without any results which affected the final outcome, except that thus far time was always on the side of the Americans, and the failure of the British to advance was equivalent to defeat. On July 8, 1778, the French fleet, under D'Estaing, appeared off New York, but they were unable to get their large ships-of-the-line through the Narrows, and could not attack the British squadron. D'Estaing then desired to sail away and conquer Newfoundland, which would have been a wholly barren undertaking, but Washington persuaded him to go to Newport and join in a combined naval and land attack upon the British, who held that place with 6,000 men. For this purpose Washington called out the militia of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and sent a brigade from his own small army, together with Greene and Lafayette, to the aid of Sullivan,

who commanded in that district, but everything went wrong from the start. The French arrived on August 8th, were kept outside by Sullivan for ten days, and then ran in past the batteries and forced the British to destroy their men-of-war and galleys in the harbor. Meantime Sullivan, without notice to D'Estaing, crossed over to the island of Newport, and had hardly done so when Howe appeared outside with his squadron. D'Estaing put to sea to fight him, but both fleets were scattered and severely damaged by a heavy storm. Howe was forced to put back to New York, while D'Estaing returned to Newport, only to announce that he must go to Boston to refit. The Americans were disheartened and disgusted. The combined attack had broken down, and the militia began to leave for their homes. The storm, moreover, had wrecked their camp and largely ruined their ammunition, so that they presently found themselves with only 6,000 men, cooped up on an island with an enemy whose forces were already superior, and would soon be greatly increased by the arrival of Clinton with reinforcements 4,000 strong. There was nothing for it but to withdraw to the mainland, and the retreat had begun when the British attacked. Greene, instead of defending, changed the retreat to an advance, charged the British and drove them back to their works. The American loss was two hundred and eleven, the British two hundred and sixty. It was a well-fought action under adverse circumstances, but it led to nothing, for the expedition had failed, and bore fruit only in recriminations between the Americans and their allies, which it took time and effort to allay. Clinton, arriving as usual too late, returned to New York, having done nothing but burn the shipping at New Bedford, and rob the farmers

of Martha's Vineyard of some cattle and money. A year later he withdrew the remaining troops from Newport. The British occupation had been pointless and fruitless, and had led to nothing but the abortive naval attack of the French and the retreat of the Americans.

The affair at Newport was, however, typical of the sporadic fighting of the summer, differing only from the rest in the presence of the French and English fleets, and in the considerable number of men engaged. The British did nothing effective. They could hold no extensive country, nor could they control any important military line which would divide and hamper the States. A foray into New Jersey in September and the defeat of some surprised militia, the burning of shipping at Little Egg Harbor and the wasting of the neighboring country by Captain Ferguson in October, an Indian raid into Cherry Valley in November, which failed to take the fort, but burned houses and scalped some thirty persons, mostly women and children, completed the sum of Clinton's military achievements during his first summer of command. When winter came he was again settled in New York, the only place he held, except Newport, while Washington cantoned his men so as to form a line of defence from Long Island Sound to West Point and thence south to the Delaware. His head-quarters were at Middlebrook, but he held Clinton fast, and permitted him to have nothing but the ground upon which his men camped and which the guns of the English fleet covered.

It is easy to see now how completely the military situation in the North was making in favor of the Americans; that all that region had been wrested from England and could never be regained by her. The English had been

campaigning in the Middle and New England States for three years, and they had lost, or failed to retain, everything except New York, where they had landed, and the outlying Newport. In other words, they could hold a town under the guns of their fleet, the Americans having no organized navy, and that was the extent of their power. This, of itself, showed that they were utterly defeated in the attempt to conquer, and could not hold America by force of arms ; but the real state of the case, which is so obvious now, was not so plain then. The fact which most impressed those who were fighting America's battles in 1778 was that there was practically no general government. The Revolution had been carried forward by Washington and his army, who were permanent active forces, and by vigorous, although sporadic, uprisings of the armed people when invasion actually threatened their homes. But of effective government and executive power, outside the army and the diplomatic representatives, there was practically none. Their own enforced flight from Philadelphia, the condition of the army, and Washington's vigorous letters, had made Congress feel that perhaps all the reasons for defeat were not to be found in the shortcomings of their General. They therefore turned to the long-standing business of forming a better union, and, after much labor, produced the Articles of Confederation. Beyond the fact that such action showed a dim awakening to the dire need of efficient national government and better union, this instrument was quite useless. The separatist, States-rights theory prevailed so far in the construction of the Confederation, that the general government had no real power at all, and could only sink, as it afterward did, into imbecile decrepitude. Moreover, this

feeble scheme, which had no value, except in teaching people what to avoid, could not go into effect until ratified by each State, and this process took so long that the war was nearly over before the poor Confederation got enough life in it to begin dying.

The efforts for better government thus came to but small results, and Congress stumbled along as best it could, trying to borrow money abroad, and getting little except in France; trying to persuade the States to give, a very uncertain resource, and finally falling back on emissions of more paper money, fast-sinking and worthless. Without executive power, with no money, with constant and usually harmful meddling in military matters, with no authority to raise soldiers, the Congress of the United States presented a depressing spectacle. It would have forboded ruin and defeat had it not been for the fact that each State had an efficient Government of its own, which prevented anarchy, while the people, accustomed to self-government, managed to carry the war along in some fashion—haltingly and expensively, no doubt, but still always stubbornly forward.

In the field of diplomacy, the Congress showed to great advantage, as it had from the outset. Some of the ablest men had been sent abroad, and had proved themselves the equals of the diplomatists of Europe. Everywhere on the Continent, at every Court they visited, the American envoys made a good impression and secured, at least, good-will. The great triumph was the French alliance, and although elsewhere the tangible results at first seemed less than nothing, the good-will then obtained and the favorable impression made were before long to bear fruit in loans which carried on the war, and in the assured

neutrality of the Northern powers. In any event, the Americans had at least succeeded in alienating Europe from England, which at that time seemed to enjoy her "splendid isolation" less than she has professed to do in more recent days.

One European power, however, showed itself distinctly hostile, and that was the very one upon which the Vergennes relied for support, and which was finally drawn into war against England. This was Spain, which showed an instinctive hatred of a people in arms fighting for their rights and independence. To Spain, decrepit and corrupt, the land of the Inquisition, and the owner of a vast and grossly misgoverned colonial empire, nothing but enmity was really possible toward revolted colonists fighting for independence, free alike in thought and religion and determined to govern themselves. Spanish statesmen hung back from the invitations of Vergennes, and gave the cold shoulder to Arthur Lee when he went to Burgos. They hated England, undoubtedly, and were more than ready to injure her and to profit at her expense, but they had no love or good wishes for her rebellious colonies. Florida Blanca, the prime minister, held off from the French, tried to bargain with the English, and aimed at nothing but Spanish advantage in North America. When France, heedless of his wishes, formed the American alliance, he was filled with profound disgust, all the deeper because his hand had thus been forced. He drove a hard bargain with France in the treaty which pledged Spain to join in the war against England, refused to recognize the independence of America, and was left free to exact from the Americans, if he could, as the price of Spain's support, the control of the Mississippi Valley, of the Great Lakes, and of all the vast region between the

great river and the Alleghanies. The policy of Spain aimed, in fact, at the possession of the North American Continent, and the whole future of the United States was staked on the issue. Yet even while Spanish statesmen wrangled with Vergennes, and schemed and intrigued for Spanish dominion on the Mississippi, the question was being settled far out among the forests by a few determined backwoodsmen, with rifles in their hands, no knowledge of diplomacy, and a perfectly clear idea of what they wanted to do and meant to have.

The early intrigues with the Southern tribes, and the war-parties of Indians who came with Burgoyne and deserted him when the tide turned against him, formed but a small part of the English efforts in this direction. The British policy was a far-reaching one, and was designed to unite all the tribes of wild Indians against the Americans, harry the borders with savage warfare, and prevent the Western expansion of the United States. It was not exactly a humane or pleasing policy, but it was much in favor with the Ministry, although it led to some sharp criticisms in Parliament, especially when the item of scalping-knives came up in a supply-bill. None the less, it was a scheme fraught with possibilities, and, properly handled, might have caused lasting injury to the United States, not by Burgoyne's war-parties, which did more harm than good to their employers, but by destroying the settlements beyond the mountains and checking for a time the Western movement of the American people.

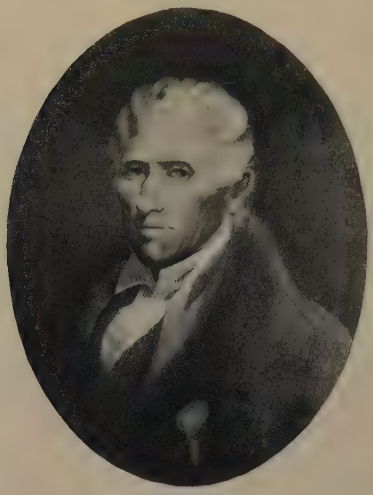
So far as uniting the Northwestern and Western tribes went, the English were singularly successful, and secured their active alliance and co-operation. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest, whose head-quarters were at

Detroit, was Henry Hamilton, and to him the department of Indian warfare against the colonies was entrusted. The task could not have been committed to more capable hands, so far as organizing the Indians and sending them out on the war-path was concerned. Where he failed was in the largeness of conception which was needed to tell him the vital point at which to strike. In 1776 he had his alliances secure, and for the next two years he turned the savages loose upon the settlers of the American border. It was a cruel, ferocious war, as all Indian wars are, marked by ambush, murder, fire, pillage, and massacre. It fell not on armies and soldiers, but on pioneer farmers, backwoodsmen, and hunters, with their wives and families. To the prisoners who were brought in, Hamilton was said to have been entirely humane; but the Indians were rewarded for their burnings and pillagings, and for the slaughter of American settlers. They earned their wages by evidences of their deeds, and the proofs furnished were human scalps, which were bought and paid for in Detroit. It is of no consequence who paid for these hideous trophies; it was done at an English town and fort, with English money, and the frontiersmen who nicknamed Hamilton the "Hair-buyer" reached the essential truth.

This method of warfare was cruel in the extreme and caused untold anguish and suffering, but it had no effect upon the fortunes of the Revolution at the point where Hamilton made the greatest exertion. In carrying out his orders to push back the American frontier, he directed the weight of his attack against the borders of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. This caused an incalculable amount of misery to individuals, but made absolutely no impression upon the strong, populous, and long-settled States against which

the attack was aimed. Very different was the case to the south of the Ohio, where bold hunters and adventurers had pushed beyond the mountains, and, just as the Revolution was beginning, had established in the forests the half-dozen little block-houses and settlements which were destined to be the germ of the future State of Kentucky. These outposts of the American advance across the continent were isolated and remote, separated from the old and well-established States of the seaboard by a range of mountains, and by many miles of almost pathless wilderness. If they had been broken up, the work would have been to do all over again; for they were not branches from the main trunk, like the outlying settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but an independent and separate tree, transplanted and growing on its own roots. If Hamilton had come down with a force of his own and given the Indians white leadership, he might have systematically uprooted and destroyed these Kentucky settlements and flung back the American border to the east of the mountains; but he preferred to direct his main forces elsewhere, and left it to the Indians alone to deal with the Kentuckians. He may have thought, and not without reason, that this would be sufficient to destroy these few and scattered settlements, the importance and meaning of which he, no doubt, underestimated. If he so thought he erred gravely, for he failed to reckon on the quality and fibre of the men who had crossed the mountains and settled in the beautiful woods and glades of Kentucky. The Indians did their part zealously and faithfully, and, for two years after Hamilton had unchained them, Kentucky well deserved the name of the "dark and bloody ground." It was continuous fighting of the most desperate kind, band to band, and man to man. Ambushes, sur-

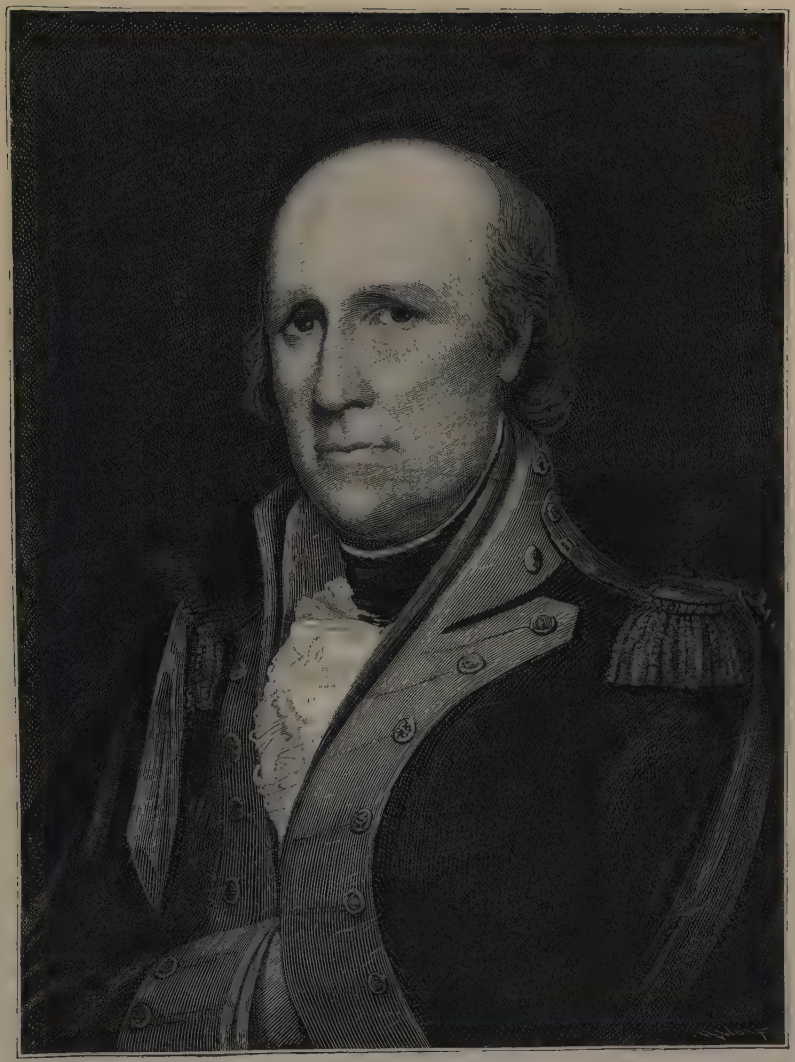
prises, hand-to-hand struggles, hair-breadth escapes, imprisonment among the savages, torture, murder, and the stake were part of the daily life. The block-houses were successfully held with stubborn courage, the women battling side by side with the men. It was savage fighting, filled with endless incident, where personal prowess played a great part, and with a certain barbarous simplicity and utter indifference to life and deadly peril, which recall the heroes of the Nibelungenlied, remote kinsmen of these very men who now stood at death-grips with the Indians in the depths of the American forest.



COLONEL DANIEL BOONE.

From a portrait by Chester Harding, owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.

This battle of the Kentucky pioneers, under the lead of Boone, Logan, Kenton, and the rest, forms one of the finest and most heroic chapters in our history, too largely lost sight of then and since in the greater events which, on the Atlantic seaboard and in the cabinets of Europe, were deciding the fate of the Revolution. None the less it was a very great and momentous fact that these hunters and farmers held firm and kept the distant wilderness a part of the United States. They rise up to us from the past as Indian-fighters and explorers, hunters, trappers, and adventurers, but we must not forget that they were primarily and more than anything else settlers. They had entered into the land to possess it, conquer it, and hand it down



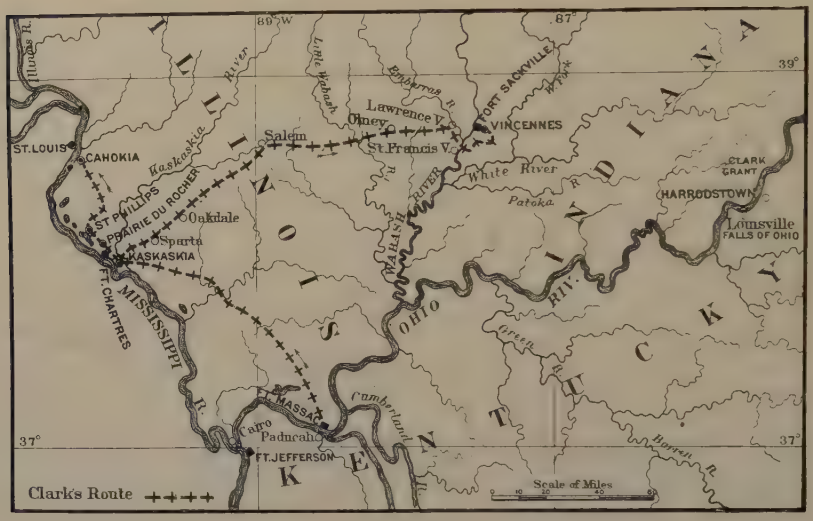
GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

From an original miniature ascribed to J. W. Jarvis and owned by Mr. Jefferson K. Clark, of St. Louis, Mo.

to their posterity. So they clung to their forts and settlements with grim tenacity and much desperate fight, and were satisfied, as well they might be, to beat off invasion and yield no inch of ground. But among them was one leader who was not content with this—a man with "empire in his brain," with an imagination that peered into the future, and a perception so keen as to be almost akin to genius. This man was George Rogers Clark. He was a young Virginian, twenty-five years old, one of the best and most daring of the leaders who were holding Kentucky against the Indian allies of Great Britain. But Clark was not satisfied with a mere defence of the settlements. On the western edge of the great wilderness which lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi were the old, long-established French settlements, which had passed to the British crown with the conquest of Canada. Clark's restless spirit and quick imagination became filled with the idea that the way to defend Kentucky was to carry the war into the Illinois country and attack England there, instead of being content to beat her off at home. In this plan he saw, as he believed, the true method of breaking down the Anglo-Indian campaign, and also—which probably moved him much more—of adding all this vast region to the territory of the United States. Without breathing a word of the plans he was weaving, he sent out two young hunters to penetrate into the Illinois country and get him information. His scouts went forth, and reported on their return that the French sometimes joined the British and Indian war-parties, but that they took little interest in the revolutionary struggle, and stood much in awe of the American backwoodsmen. This encouraged Clark, for he believed that under these conditions

he could deal with the French; and he forthwith set out, in October, 1777, and made the long and toilsome journey back to Virginia to get aid and support for his expedition.

When he reached the capital he saw Patrick Henry, who was then Governor, and laid his plans before him with all the eager enthusiasm of youth and faith. Very fortunately, Henry, too, was a man of imagination and



ardent temperament. He was touched and convinced by the young soldier's brilliant and perilous conception, and gave him his hearty sympathy, which was much, and all the material aid he could command which, in the stress and strain then upon Virginia, was very little. Clark received from Henry public authority to raise men to go to the relief of Kentucky, secret instructions to invade Illinois, and a small sum of money in depreciated currency. Thus meagrely provided, everything depended on

Clark's own energy and personal influence. Very fortunately, these were boundless; and although he encountered every difficulty, nevertheless, by spring he had raised a hundred and fifty men, and started in flat-boats down the Ohio, taking with him some families of settlers. On May 27th he reached the Falls of the Ohio, and there established a post, and left those families who had remained with him to form a settlement, destined to become the city of Louisville. Here he heard of "the French Alliance," which, he felt sure, would help him in his progress; and here some Kentuckians joined him, under the lead of Kenton, as well as a company from Holston, most of whom deserted when they learned the distant and dangerous purpose of the expedition. When every preparation had been made, Clark carefully picked his men, taking only those who could stand the utmost fatigue and hardship, and formed them into four companies of less than fifty each. With the lightest possible equipment, he started on June 24th, and shot the falls at the moment of an eclipse of the sun, which his followers, for the most part, regarded as a good omen. Descending the river safely, Clark landed nearly opposite the mouth of the Tennessee, and there met a party of American hunters, who gladly joined him, and who were able to inform him fully about the situation at Kaskaskia, the principal town, which he meant to attack. They said that Rocheblave, the Commandant, who was devoted to the British cause, had his militia well drilled, and was looking out for an attack; that the French had been taught to dread the Americans, and that if warned of their coming would undoubtedly fight, but if surprised might be panic-stricken. Clark immediately conceived the idea that if the French were first

thoroughly frightened and then had opportunity to discover that the Americans meant them no harm, the revulsion of feeling would swing them to his side. To take the town by surprise, therefore, became absolutely essential. With this purpose, he set out at once, marched for fifty miles through dense forests, then across open prairies, where he was nearly lost, and finally, on the evening of July 4th, reached the Kaskaskia River, three miles from the town. Capturing the people on an outlying farm, he learned from them that the rumors of the coming of the Americans had died away recently, and that the garrison of Kaskaskia were off their guard. Still, Rocheblave, although he had been unable to get aid from Detroit, had two or three times as many men as Clark, and, if warned in season, was sure to fight hard. But everything yielded to the young Virginian's coolness and energy. He procured boats, ferried his men silently across the river in the darkness, and then marched swiftly to the town in two divisions, one of which surrounded the town itself, while the other followed Clark to the fort, where he placed his riflemen, and then, led by one of his prisoners, slipped in himself through the postern. Within the great hall in the main building of the fort lights were burning brightly, and the sounds of music floated out upon the summer night. Inside there was a ball in progress, and the light-hearted, pleasure-loving French Creoles were dancing and making merry. To the music and dancing of the Old World civilization, the flare of torches and the figure here and there of a red man crouching or leaning against the wall gave a picturesque touch of the wide wilderness in which the little town was islanded. On went the dance and the music. The pretty Creole girls and their partners were

CLARK ON THE WAY TO KASKASKIA.

too deeply absorbed in the pleasures of the moment to notice that an uninvited guest had come quietly among them and was watching the dancers. Suddenly one of the Indians lying on the floor, with the canine instinct of a hostile presence, looked up, gazed a moment at the stranger, and then sprang to his feet and gave the war-whoop. As the wild cry rang through the hall the startled dancers turned and looked, and there they saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark in his fringed buckskin, the American backwoodsman, the leader of the coming, conquering race. The music ceased, the dancing stopped, the women screamed, but Clark, unmoved, bade them dance on, and remember only that they were under the rule of Virginia, and not of Great Britain. At the same instant his men burst into the fort and seized all the military officers, including the Commandant, Rocheblave.

The surprise was complete and town and fort were now in the hands of the Americans. Clark ordered every street secured, and commanded the people to keep their houses, under pain of death. He wished to increase the panic of terror to the last point, and no finely trained diplomatist of the Old World ever played his cards with greater subtlety. In the morning a committee of the chief men of the town waited on Clark to beg their lives, for more they dared not ask. Clark replied that he came not to kill and enslave, but to bring them liberty. All he demanded was that they should swear allegiance to the new Republic, of which their former King was now the ally. The French, caring little for Great Britain, were so overcome by the revulsion from the terror which had held them through the night that they took the oath with delight and pledged

their loyalty to Clark. Then the American leader promised that they should have absolute religious freedom, and the priest, a most important personage, thus became his firm supporter. In a word, the whole population rallied round Clark, and became, for the moment at least, zealous Americans. Rocheblave alone, deserted and helpless,

CLARK'S SURPRISE AT KASKASKIA.

They saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark.

undertook to be mutinous and insulting, and so Clark sent him off a prisoner to Virginia, where he thoughtfully broke his parole and escaped.

Despite the brilliancy of his victory, Clark's difficulties were really just beginning. Cahokia and Vincennes followed the example of Kaskaskia—eagerly accepted the rule of the United States and raised the American flag—but he

had no men to garrison either place, and all he could do was to send an officer in each instance to take command. He had thus made himself master of a great country, and had less than two hundred absolutely trustworthy troops with whom to hold it. Even these men were anxious to be off. They had done the work for which they had enlisted, they wanted to go home, and Clark, with difficulty, persuaded a hundred to remain. Then he told the French that he, too, meant to go, whereupon, as he expected, they implored him to stay, which he consented to do if they would furnish him with men to fill his depleted ranks. This done, he turned his attention to the much more thorny and perilous problem of the Indians. He drew the leaders of the tribes to Cahokia, and, by a mixture of audacity and firmness, backed by a little actual violence, with much astute diplomacy and good temper, he broke the English confederacy and secured pledges of peace. Through all this difficult and anxious work Clark kept steadily drilling his new Creole recruits and getting his little army on the best possible footing. He was beset with perils, but his high spirits never flagged, and he played his parts of statesmen, diplomatist, and soldier with unwearied energy and ability.

Meantime to Hamilton, planning an expedition against Fort Pitt, came the amazing news that the Americans had invaded Illinois and taken Kaskaskia and then Vincennes. These were evil tidings, indeed, for this was a blow at the very heart of the whole British campaign in the West. Hamilton, who was both determined and energetic, immediately abandoned his expedition against Fort Pitt, sent out French couriers to recall the Western Indians to their allegiance and rouse them again to war, while he himself rapidly organized an expedition for the relief of the Illinois

towns. On October 7th all was ready, and Hamilton left Detroit with a strong force of five hundred English, French, and Indians, well provided with artillery and every munition of war. After a long and toilsome journey of seventy-one days, they reached Vincennes on December 17th. The French deserted Helm, the American Commandant, as quickly as they had abandoned his predecessor, and went over to Hamilton, who took possession of the town and the fort without difficulty. Then came the crucial moment. Hamilton had three times as many men as Clark, was nearer his base of supplies, and knew that the Indians were returning to their old alliance. At all hazards, he ought to have gone to Kaskaskia at once and crushed Clark then and there, as he could easily have done. But, although Hamilton was a good soldier and an extremely competent man, he lacked the little touch of imagination or genius, call it what we will, which was absolutely needful at that moment. He concluded, very reasonably, that it was the dead of winter, that a march through the Illinois wilderness to Kaskaskia was a rather desperate undertaking, and that the affair could be dealt with just as well and with much greater safety in the spring. So he sent most of his men back to Detroit, to return in the spring with a powerful force, a thousand strong, and sweep over the whole country. He then suspended operations for the winter, and contented himself with holding Vincennes with the hundred men he kept with him. It was all reasonable, and sensible, and proper, and yet it was a fatal mistake, for opposed to him was a man who had just the spark of genius and imagination which he himself lacked.

Clark heard of Hamilton's arrival at Vincennes with feelings which we can guess, for he knew how helpless he

was in the presence of such a superior force, and he supposed that Hamilton would do at once what he would have done in the former's place. Nevertheless he put on a bold front. The French began to waver, but he held them in line; the bolder and more adventurous stood by him, and he made preparations for a vigorous defence. Still the British did not come, and on January 27th a French trader came into Kaskaskia and told Clark that Hamilton was wintering in Vincennes and had with him less than a hundred men. Then the difference between the commonplace man and the man of imagination flashed out. Clark would do what Hamilton should have done. He would not wait until spring to be overwhelmed, he would take Vincennes and Hamilton now. He first equipped a galley with guns, and sent her to patrol the Wabash and cut off British reinforcements. Then, on February 7th, he started with a hundred and seventy men to march two hundred and forty miles. For the first week all went well. They marched rapidly, killed abundance of game, and, encouraged by Clark, fed freely and sang and danced about the camp-fires at night. Then they came to the branches of the Little Wabash, now one great stream five miles wide, for the cold had broken, and the thaw had brought floods. Clark in some way got pirogues built, and in three days had everything ferried over. This brought them so near Vincennes that they dared not fire, and so could not get game. They struggled on through the flooded country, could not find a ford, and camped by the Wabash on the 20th, having had no food for two days. The Creoles began to lose heart and talked of returning, but Clark laughed, told them to go out and kill deer, and kept steadily on. The next day he got them ferried over the Wabash and on the same side

with Vincennes. They could hear the morning and evening guns from the fort, so near were they, and yet the worst was still to come. All day they struggled along, wading over the flooded land, and when they came to a place where the canoes could find no ford the line halted, and it looked as if ruin had come. But Clark raised the war-whoop, plunged in, and, ordering them to start their favorite songs, led them through, for no one could resist his leadership. They camped, wet, shivering, and hungry, on a hillock six miles from the town. The night was very cold, and ice formed over the surrounding water ; but the sun rose clear, and Clark, making a passionate speech, told them victory was before them, and plunged into the water. His men followed, in Indian file, with twenty-five told off at the end to shoot any who tried to turn back. On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain, four miles of wading in water, sometimes breast high. The strong helped the weak, Clark urging and appealing to them in every way. It was a desperate, almost a mad undertaking but they kept on through the cold water and the floating ice, and got through. In the afternoon they crossed a lake in their canoes, and were then within two miles of the town. The prey was in sight, so the men looked to their rifles, dried their ammunition, and made ready for the fight.

From a prisoner captured while hunting, Clark learned that there were two hundred Indians just come to town, and this gave Hamilton a great superiority in numbers. Clark had it in his power to completely surprise Vincennes, as he had Kaskaskia, and trust to that advantage to overcome the odds against him. He reasoned, however, that if he sprang upon the town both French and Indians would fight, because they would be suddenly plunged into

CLARK'S ADVANCE AGAINST VINCENNES.

On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain, four miles of wading in water, sometimes breast high.

battle without the opportunity of choice. On the other hand, if they knew of his coming, he thought the Indians might desert, and felt quite sure that the French would remain neutral. Accordingly, he sent in his prisoner to announce his coming, and at sundown started for the town, in two divisions. All went as he had hoped. The French retreated to their houses in terror. The Indians drew off or held aloof, some of them, with the engaging simplicity of their nature, offering to help Clark, who evidently struck them as a man likely to win victories. Hamilton meantime had sent out a party, having seen the American camp-fires of the night before ; but these men did not wade through icy water, found nobody, got nowhere, and slipped back into the fort the next day, where the British were soon closely besieged, for Clark opened fire on the fort at once, and, under cover of night, threw up an intrenchment. From this vantage-ground the American riflemen picked off Hamilton's artillerymen, so that the guns, which did but little execution at best, were quickly silenced. Clark then summoned the fort to surrender. Hamilton declined, and asked for three days' truce, which Clark refused, and ordered the backwoodsmen to open fire. While these negotiations were going on, one of Hamilton's scalping parties came back and ran right into Clark's men. They were all killed or captured, and the six Indian prisoners were tomahawked and thrown into the river, which showed the tribes that Hamilton's power was at an end, and made his own French volunteers from Detroit waver and lose heart. Hamilton had now only his English to depend on, and, in the afternoon of the 24th, sent out a flag. There was some bickering, and Clark made, apparently, some unpleasant remarks about mur-

dering women and children, and buying scalps, after which Hamilton and his seventy-nine men who had remained true to him surrendered as prisoners of war. Most of the prisoners were paroled, but Hamilton and twenty-seven others were sent to Virginia.

The victory was complete. It was a very shining and splendid feat of arms. In the dead of winter, with a large part of his force composed of men of doubtful loyalty and of another race, Clark had marched across two hundred and forty miles of flooded wilderness. With no arms but rifles, he had taken a heavily stockaded fort, defended by artillery and garrisoned by regular troops under the command of a brave and capable soldier. The victory was not only complete, but final. Clark had broken the English campaign in the West; he had shattered their Indian confederacy, and wrested from them a region larger than most European kingdoms. He had opened the way, never to be closed again, to the advance of the American pioneers, the vanguard of the American people in their march across the continent. When the treaty of peace was made at Paris, the boundary of the United States went to the Lakes on the North, and to the Mississippi on the West, and that it did so was due to Clark and his riflemen. It is one of the sad questions, of which history offers so many, why the conqueror of Vincennes never reached again the heights of achievement which he attained in the first flush of manhood. But, whatever the answer may be, the great deed that he did was one of the glories of the Revolution which can never be dimmed, and which finds its lasting monument in the vast country then wrested from the British crown by American riflemen inspired by the brilliant leadership of George Rogers Clark.

CHAPTER II

THE INVASION OF GEORGIA

THE first idea of the English Government in dealing with its revolted colonies was to subdue the North, where the Rebellion had broken out. For this purpose they had seized Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and planned with such care the expedition of Burgoyne. They had been driven from Boston ; Burgoyne had been beaten and his army made prisoners, and they had been forced to retreat from Philadelphia. New York alone remained. It was evident to everybody that the attack from the North had failed, so the Ministry determined, as a last resort, to conquer America from the South, and Lord George Germain proceeded to plan this new movement as carefully as he had that of Burgoyne. Invasions were to be made, under Prevost, from Florida, whither troops had already been sent, while more were to be detached from New York to aid in the conquest of Georgia, and a separate expedition of 5,000 men was also to be directed against that State. Ignorant of the fact that their Western campaign was even then being shattered by Clark, and equally uninstructed as to the hard-fighting backwoodsmen in the settlements beyond the mountains, the Ministry also intended to let loose the Indians on the western border of the Southern States.

Thus, with attacks along the sea-coast, the seizure of the ports, Indian war upon the frontier, and a strong support from the loyalists, Germain and his King and colleagues hoped to conquer the Southern colonies, bring them under the British flag, and, that done, once more assail and try to divide the Middle and Eastern States. It was an extensive and sufficiently intelligent plan, and no effort was spared to carry it to success. Ships and troops were furnished in abundance; the flames of a bitter civil war were lighted in the Carolinas and Georgia, and the last struggle of England to retain her Colonies proved the most protracted, and at times the most successful, of any she had hitherto attempted.

A beginning was made in the autumn of 1778 by Prevost sending out two expeditions from East Florida composed of regulars and Tory refugees from Georgia and South Carolina. They were repulsed from the Fort at Sunbury and at the Ogeechee River, but they ravaged the country, robbed the houses, and carried off slaves, plate, and cattle. Robert Howe, who was in command in Georgia, undertook a retaliatory expedition against St. Augustine, but the movement was ill-planned; his men suffered from disease in the swamps, and he was forced to retire without having accomplished anything. Hardly had he returned when Colonel Campbell appeared off Tybee with 3,000 men from New York. He passed the bar successfully and advanced on Savannah. Howe attempted to oppose him, with less than one-third as many men, and those raw militia. The effort naturally was entirely vain. Campbell outflanked the Americans, routed them, and, with but trifling loss, captured Savannah, taking nearly five hundred prisoners and a large amount of stores and

munitions of war. Campbell then offered protection to all who would support the British cause in arms, and the American soldiers who refused to enlist were sent to die of fever on prison-ships. Many of the inhabitants submitted, others fled to South Carolina, or to the hill-country of the interior, thence to carry on the conflict as best they might. It was evident that the British war in the South was to be absolutely merciless, and that property was to be destroyed and plundered without let or hindrance.

Cheered by the news of the taking of Savannah, Prevost marched up, reducing Sunbury on the way, while Campbell, with eight hundred men, took Augusta. The State had thus fallen completely and quickly into the enemy's hands, and been again subjected to the Crown. The ease and rapidity of the British success were due to the fact that Georgia was the weakest and most thinly populated of the colonies. The only troops were militia hastily called out, and they were badly equipped and ill-led. Nor was the situation improved by the new commander of the Southern department, Benjamin Lincoln, sent down there by Congress. Lincoln was a worthy man, brave and patriotic, but he had seen little service, had been unfortunate in what he had seen, was slow, and without military capacity. He collected some 1,100 men and took up his position on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River. Then he and his opponents looked at each other, neither daring to cross. While they waited, it seemed, for a moment, as if fortune was turning again to the American side. Prevost sent out a detachment to Beaufort, and Moultrie whipped them and drove them back to their ships, while another and stronger party, sent to ravage the western part of South Carolina, was attacked by Colonel Pickens, routed,

and driven back beyond the Savannah. Encouraged by these events, and having received large reinforcements of militia from both North and South Carolina, Lincoln made the fatal mistake of detaching Ashe, with 1,500 men, to occupy Augusta and then descend the river to Savannah. Without discipline or any military precautions, ill-led and inexperienced, Ashe and his men offered an easy prey to the British, who, on March 3, 1779, cut them off, routed them, captured their arms and cannon, and made prisoners of all but some four hundred and fifty, who escaped by swimming the river. Undeterred by this loss of a fourth of his entire army, which showed how unfit it was as yet to undertake offensive operations, and how much it needed care in handling, drill, and organization, Lincoln decided to march against Savannah with the troops he still had left. Instead of waiting for him, Prevost very wisely crossed the river with 3,000 men and his Indian allies, drove Moultrie before him, and made direct for Charleston. There all was confusion. Defences were prepared, but there was only the militia behind them. Washington and his army were far away, no help came from Congress, many people began to regret independence, others urged taking a neutral position between Great Britain and the United States, while the voice of the majority seemed to be in favor of surrendering the town to avoid the horrors of a storm.

GENERAL BENJAMIN LINCOLN.
From a portrait painted by C. W. Peale in 1784.

When Prevost appeared, parleys and negotiations were opened instead of batteries, and while these proceeded the British learned, by an intercepted letter, that Lincoln was advancing to the relief of the city. Prevost immediately abandoned the siege, took to his boats, and sailed back to Savannah. Lincoln, having failed to reach Prevost, retired to the hill-country with only about eight hundred men, to avoid the intense heat of the summer, and the English were left in complete possession of Georgia.

They were not destined, however, to remain long undisturbed, and the attack came from an unexpected quarter. On September 1st, D'Estaing, who had been cruising successfully in the West Indies, appeared suddenly off Savannah and captured four British men-of-war. He at once sent word to the Government of South Carolina, asking them to join with him in reducing Savannah, and then, unassisted, landed his own forces, and summoned Prevost to surrender. While notes were being exchanged, Colonel Maitland, by a forced march, succeeded in bringing up the troops from Beaufort, and, thus reinforced, Prevost refused to capitulate.

The South Carolinians responded eagerly to the invitation of D'Estaing, but, no army being ready and in the field, it took time to get out the militia, and it was September 23d before Lincoln arrived to aid the French. Prevost had employed the interval well. He had worked day and night with the ample slave labor at his command, and had thrown up a strong line of redoubts and intrenchments. The result was that the days slipped by and the besiegers made no progress. At last, on October 8th, D'Estaing announced that he could no longer endanger his fleet by remaining in this exposed situation, with the

storms of autumn at hand, and an assault was accordingly determined upon for the following day. It was a desperate undertaking, and the event proved its rashness. One column, under Count Dillon, became entangled in a swamp, was exposed to the British batteries, and never came into action at all. The other, led by D'Estaing himself, and composed of French and South Carolinians, assailed the works in front. It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the ramparts, but the allies could not effect a lodgement. While they were still struggling to hold their ground, a well-directed charge, led by Maitland, drove them back, and the day was lost. The attack was ill-advised and unfortunate, but was delivered with great courage and daring. D'Estaing was hit twice; Pulaski fell mortally wounded, and gave his life to the country he had come to serve. The Americans lost two hundred men, the French nearly six hundred, while the loss of the British was very small. Prevost and Maitland defended their position with the utmost firmness and bravery. Their works were good, their arrangements excellent, and they fairly earned their victory.

COUNT PULASKI.

From an engraving by Ant. Oleszczynski.

This repulse was a heavy blow to the cause of the Revolution in the South. The French retired to their ships and the fleet withdrew. Having failed to accomplish anything

ATTACK ON SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 8, 1779.

It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the ramparts, but the allies could not effect a lodgement.

when, for the first time, they controlled the sea and also had a large body of regular troops to support them, the Americans had a gloomy outlook for success by their own unaided efforts. The militia of Georgia and South Carolina retired to their homes, while Lincoln withdrew to Charleston with the remnants of his army. Without men, without money, and without apparent ability for effective preparation, South Carolina seemed helpless, if the enemy continued their invasion. The loyalists in the South, moreover, were very numerous and far more active than in the North. They now came forward zealously in support of the Crown, while disaffection began to spread among the people, who saw themselves exposed to war without, as it seemed, any support from the General Government or any means of effective resistance or vigorous leadership among themselves.

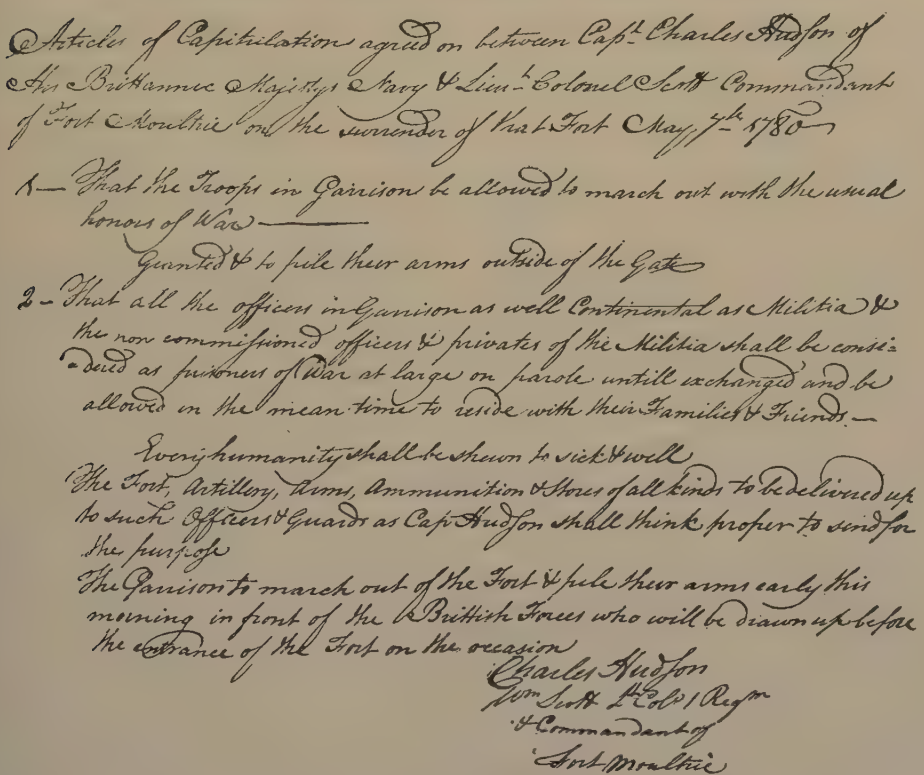
Georgia, upon which the first attack had been made, passed in this way wholly into the power of the British, who re-established their government, and then proceeded to pillage and plunder everyone suspected of favoring the Revolution. Slaves were seized and sold everywhere, plate and all valuables that could be found were taken, houses and plantations were wrecked and ruined. The war in the South thus assumed, at the start, a character of ferocity and terror which had been wanting, as a rule, in the North, where the British never succeeded in controlling any large region of country, and were constantly held at bay and brought to battle by Washington and his army. This policy of destruction, accompanied, as it was, with much burning and slaying, had at first an effect of paralyzing opposition, but in the end it developed a resistance all the fiercer and more stubborn because inflamed by the

sense of wrong, suffering, and cruelty. When the French fleet, however, sailed away, and Lincoln withdrew, disheartened, with his broken army to Charleston, nothing could have looked fairer on the surface than the prospects of the British. They had actually regained one colony, which they held firmly with the armed hand, and, as far as Virginia, the whole South, as yet undefended and unprepared and with disaffection rife among the people, lay open to their invasion.

The attack was not long delayed. Clinton, having received reinforcements from England and withdrawn the troops from Rhode Island, set sail on December 26, 1779, with 8,500 men, in the fleet commanded by Admiral Arbuthnot. After a stormy voyage, from which the ships suffered severely, Clinton reached Tybee toward the end of January, where he was reinforced by 3,000 men, and more were ordered from New York. He then began to move on Charleston. Lincoln had come to the city with 2,000 men, and, yielding to the wishes of the people, decided to remain and defend the town, which, with his little force, was a hopeless undertaking and a blunder of the first magnitude. Against such overwhelming numbers there was nothing to be done by fighting; and his one plain duty was to abandon the city and hold the field, as Washington had done at Philadelphia. Even if he was unable to fight, he then would have offered a rallying point for resistance, and would have been able to gather troops and check the enemy's movements. As it was, he simply devoted himself and his army to a feeble and useless resistance, and to certain capture. His North Carolina militia left him, but he allowed seven hundred veterans of the Virginian line to join him, thus involving

in certain disaster a body of tried troops which would of themselves have made the nucleus of an effective army if they had been held outside the city.

The British moved slowly but surely. Their army



Articles of Capitulation agreed on between Capt. Charles Hudson of His Britannic Majesty's Navy & Lieut.-Colonel Scott Commandant of Fort Moultrie on the surrender of that Fort May 7th 1780

1st — That the Troops in Garrison be allowed to march out with the usual honors of War —

Granted & to pile their arms outside of the Gate

2d — That all the officers in Garrison as well Continental as Militia & the non commissioned officers & privates of the Militia shall be considered as prisoners of War at large on parole untill exchanged and be allowed in the mean time to reside with their Families & Friends —

Every humanity shall be shewn to sick & well

The Fort, Artillery, Arms, Ammunition & Stores of all kinds to be delivered up to such Officers & Guards as Capt Hudson shall think proper to send for the purpose

The Garison to march out of the Fort & pile their arms early this morning in front of the British Lines who will be drawn up before the entrance of the Fort on the occasion

Charles Hudson
Com. Scott & Lt. Col. Regt
& Commandant of
Fort Moultrie

PART OF THE ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION AGREED ON AT THE SURRENDER OF FORT MOULTRIE.

Reproduced in fac-simile from the original in the Emmet collection, Lenox Library.

advanced deliberately along the coast, and it was not until April 9th that Arbuthnot ran past Fort Moultrie and made himself master of the harbor. Even then there was time for Lincoln to withdraw and take to the open country. But he stayed on, quiet and helpless, where he

was, and watched the British, now reinforced by Cornwallis with three thousand men, gradually draw their lines and parallels until every approach was closed and all escape was impossible. On May 12th the city surrendered, and Lincoln and his army were made prisoners of war.

It was a great disaster, but the loss of the city was the least part of it. The fatal blow was in the capture of Lincoln's army, the only organized American force in the South. Washington, too distant to be heard in time, had protested against the attempt to hold the city, and, when the news that Arbuthnot had crossed the bar arrived, urged immediate withdrawal. But his advice was too late, and would have been unheeded in any event. Then came the inevitable capitulation, and the result he had foreseen. No centre of resistance was left. No American army, however small, was in the field and the British ranged the State unopposed. One expedition marched up the Savannah to Augusta. Another took the post in Ninety-six, and a third, crossing the Santee, came on a portion of the Virginia line intended for Charleston, and, under the lead of Tarleton, massacred most of them after they had surrendered. Panic seized upon the country. A general confiscation of property was ordered, as had been done in Georgia; and those who had surrendered found no safety. Ruin was threatened to all who had supported the American cause; and the proclamation of June 1st, offering pardon to every one who came in and submitted, was superseded on June 3d by another proclamation, which Clinton put forth just before his departure, declaring that all who failed to take the oath of allegiance would be treated as rebels, and would suffer the extreme penalties of the law. South

South Carolina

By Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, General of His Majesty's Forces, and Mariot Arbuthnot, Esquire Vice Admiral of the Blue, His Majesty's Commissioners to restore Peace and good Government in the several Colonies in Rebellion in North America

Proclamation.

His Majesty, having been pleased, by His Letters Patent, under the Great Seal of Great Britain, to appoint us to his Commissioners, to restore the Blessings of Peace and Liberty to the several Colonies in Rebellion in America We do hereby make publish his most gracious Intentions, and in Obedience to his Commands, Do Declare, to such of his deluded Subjects, as have been perverted from their duty by the Factious Arts of self-interested and ambitious Men, that they will still be received with Mercy and forgiveness, if they immediately return to their allegiance, and a due Obedience to those Laws and that Government which they formerly boasted was their best birthright and

* * * * * * * * *

Subjects to be aiding, with their endeavours, in order that a measure, so conducive to their own happiness, and the wellfare and prosperity of the Province, may the more speedily and easily attained.

Given under our Hands and Seals, at Charles Town, the first day of June, in the Twentieth Year of His Majesty's Reign, and in the Year of our Lord one Thousand Seven hundred and Eighty.

By their Excellency's Command
J Simpson
Secy

H Clinton
Mt Arbuthnot

Proclamation dated June 1st 1780
Ed.

THE FIRST AND LAST PARTS OF SIR HENRY CLINTON'S OFFER OF PARDON TO REBELS IN 1780.

From the original document belonging to the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library.

Carolina, like Georgia, now lay at the feet of the British. For six weeks all resistance ceased, but the savage policy of the English Generals soon began to bear fruit. They had conducted their military operations well, and were in possession of two States where the loyalists were numerous and powerful. Instead of seeking to conciliate and divide, they took the course of ruining and killing in all directions. Friends as well as foes were involved, and the people soon saw that there was no safety except in armed resistance. No braver people lived than those of the Southern States, and they were thus put with their backs against the wall to fight for all that made life worth having. They were stunned at first by their misfortunes; but they were soon to rally, and then the British policy of rapine and ruin was destined to bring its natural results.

CHAPTER III

THE SOUTH RISES IN DEFENCE

THREE weeks after the fall of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton wrote home to the Ministry: "I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us." The assertion was not extravagant, for the State seemed to lie prostrate at the foot of its conqueror. Yet, although the native loyalists were numerous and active, the submission of the mass of the people was more apparent than real. Many of them, stunned by the surrender of the capital, and well aware that the only American army in the State had ceased to exist, were ready to yield and accept British rule in silence. If they had been properly and judiciously dealt with, they could have easily been kept quiet; and if not loyal, they would at least have been neutral. But the policy of the British Commanders made this impossible. To the people of South Carolina, brave, high-spirited and proud, they offered only the choice between death, confiscation, and ruin on the one side, and active service in the British army on the other. Thus forced to the wall, the South Carolinian who was not a convinced loyalist quickly determined that, if he must fight for his life in any event, he would do his fighting on the side of his country. Major James, for example, went into George-

Virginia Sc.

In Council Williamsburg January 2. 1778

Lieut Colonel George Rogers Clark

You are to proceed with all convenient Speed to raise Seven Companies of Soldiers to consist of fifty men each officered in the usual manner & armed most properly for the Enterprize & with them You attack the British posts at Kaskaskey.

It is conjectured that there are many pieces of Cannon & military Stores to considerable Amount at that place, the taking & preservation of which would be a valuable Acquisition to the State. If you are so fortunate therefore as to succeed in your Expedition, you will take every possible Measure to secure the artillery & Stores & whatever may advantage the State.

. . . . . .

It is in Contemplation to establish a Post near the Mouth of Ohio. Cannon will be wanted to fortify it. Part of those at Kaskaskey will be easily brought thither or otherwise secured as circumstances will make necessary.

You are to apply to General Hand for Powder & Lead necessary for this Expedition. If he can't supply it the Person who has that which Capt. Lynn brought from Pittsburgh, Lead was sent to Hampshire by my Orders & that may be demanded of you. Wishing you Success I am

Sir

Your Obedt Servt

P. Henry

FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED OF THE FIRST AND LAST PARTS OF PATRICK HENRY'S LETTER OF INSTRUCTIONS TO GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

(From "The Conquest of the Northwest," by William E. English.)

town to offer, in behalf of himself and his neighbors, to remain neutral. The usual choice was brutally offered him by the Captain in command. James replied that he could not accept such conditions; and the gallant Captain thereupon said that James was a "damned rebel," and that he would have him hanged. Then, with a chair, James knocked down the representative of Great Britain, left him senseless, and went off with his four brothers to take up arms against England and fight her to the death. In one form or another, barring perhaps the little incident of the chair, James and his brothers were typical. The people began to rise in all directions, take their arms and withdraw to the woods and swamps, thence to wage a relentless, if desultory, warfare against their invaders.

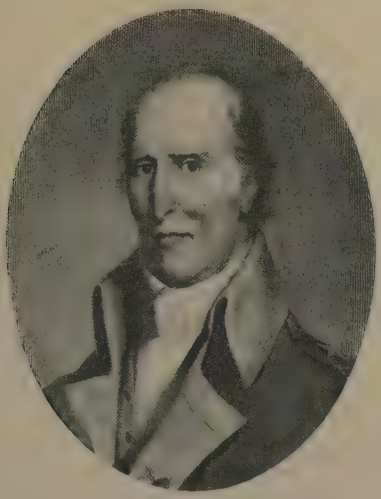
All that was needed to direct the popular force thus roused to life and make it as effective as a guerilla war could be, was proper leadership, and that was found at once. Among the few who were neither prisoners nor in arms with the British, and to whom Sir Henry Clinton so carelessly referred, was Francis Marion, soon to become very well known to the British, and called by them, both in hatred and in fear, the "Swamp Fox." He was of Huguenot descent, and had served in the old French war, taken arms early against England, fought at Charleston and Savannah, and had been saved from surrender with Lincoln by a broken ankle, which had forced him to leave the city before it was surrounded. Others of the "few" mentioned by Clinton were Davie, Pickens, and Davidson, all familiar with partisan warfare, all brave and able to rally men around them. The most important, however, in the Clintonian exception, was Thomas Sumter, a Virginian by birth, like Marion a soldier of the old French war, and of

the Revolution from the beginning. He was Colonel of a Continental regiment, and in recognition of this fact the British turned his wife out of doors and burned his house. It was not an exceptional performance at all, but quite characteristic of the war which Tarleton opened by the slaughter of the surrendered Virginians at the Waxhaw,

A BRITISH WAGON-TRAIN SURPRISED BY MARION.

which was inflamed by the bitterness between loyalist and patriot, both active in arms, and which was marked by fire and sword among the peaceful villages as well as in the soldiers' camps. Yet even if a common incident, it was one well calculated to edge the blade of a bold fighter like Sumter when he saw his wife a wanderer and his home in ruins. Rallying a few followers about him, all men like

the user of the chair, with wrongs to avenge, he organized and armed them as best he could and prepared to strike.



GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS.

From a copy by John Stolle of the original painting by Thomas Sully, owned by Mr. Clarence Cunningham, Charleston, S. C.

Opportunity soon came. July 12, 1780, Captain Huck was out on a patrol with twenty mounted infantry and sixty loyalists. He had reached what is now Brattonsville, some twenty miles from Fishing Creek, the day before, and had passed the night at the house of one Williamson and had taken some prisoners on the estate and then threatened the life of Mrs. Bratton, who lived hard by and whose husband was with Sumter. The next day was to be given to the usual work of destruction. But negligent watch was kept and Colonel Bratton, one of Sumter's men, with about seventy-five followers, reached the place unobserved during the night and divided his force into two parties which advanced along the road from opposite directions. Captain Huck, roused from sleep, rushed out, mounted his horse, and tried to rally his troops against the enemy, charging in upon him with loud shouts. The Americans were inferior in number, but they were unexpected ; they were desperate, and they had the advantage of a complete surprise, for it was understood that the country was conquered, and the spirit of the people broken. All was soon over. Huck was killed with most of his men, and his party was destroyed. It was the first slight change in the long run of

defeat. Many heavy reverses were still to come, but a beginning on the right side at least had been made. The great fact made evident in this skirmish was that the people of the South were up in arms and much in earnest.

The victory of Colonel Bratton too, although small in itself, was nevertheless potent in its results. Cornwallis had undertaken to hold the State by taking possession of scattered posts, and so long as the people were submissive this answered very well, but when the country rose around him every outlying garrison was in danger. The fight of Sumter's men and their complete destruction of Huck and his party also had an immediate effect upon the public mind. Men ceased to think of yielding to the British as the only resource, and many who had given way in the first panic returned to the patriots' cause. A large detachment under Colonel Lisle, who had been forced into the British army in this way, left the English colors and joined Sumter, who, thus strengthened, attacked the British at Rocky Mount. He did not take the post, but a week later he surprised the British at Hanging Rock, routed the loyalist regiment, sacked their camp, and inflicted severe losses upon the regiment of the Prince of Wales. He then drew off to the Catawba settlements, and recruits began to come in to him rapidly. The war was spreading, the people were taking up arms, and Cornwallis, instead of being able to invade North Carolina, confident in the possession of South Carolina and Georgia, found that as he advanced the country behind him broke out in revolt, and that he really held little more than the ground which he could occupy.

On the other hand, the full effects of the disaster at Charleston, where Lincoln had cooped himself up, only to

surrender, became more than ever apparent. Sumter and Marion and Pickens, it is true, had stemmed the tide setting toward submission. They had roused the people, and forced the British to fight for everything they held, but they could do no more than carry on a partisan war of post attacks and skirmishes. They had merely the men they could collect themselves, under the rudest discipline, and so poorly armed that they were obliged to depend in large measure upon victory over their enemies for the guns, powder, and small arms, which were only to be procured as the prizes of a successful battle. The crying need was an organized, disciplined force, no matter how small, which would form a centre of resistance and to which men could rally. This Lincoln ought to have preserved, and this force it was now sought to supply once more from the North.

Washington, before the fall of Charleston, ever ready to take risks himself in order to help against invasion elsewhere, now, as in the case of Burgoyne, detached from his small army DeKalb, with the Maryland division and the Delaware regiment, amounting to 2,000 men in all, and sent them South. They moved slowly, for transportation was difficult, and DeKalb was unfamiliar with the country. To the call for aid Virginia responded generously, authorizing a levy of 2,500 men, and the small force of the State already in arms, some three to four hundred strong, joined the Continental forces. Still it was June 20th before DeKalb reached North Carolina, only to find when he arrived there no magazines, no preparation, and a militia anything but subordinate. Nevertheless, here at least was the beginning of an army for the South—a good body of well-disciplined troops from the Continental army

quite sufficient to form a rallying point. All that was required to develop it was a competent General. For this difficult work Washington had picked out Greene—undoubtedly the best selection that could have been made—but Congress thought otherwise, and chose their favorite Gates to take command in the Southern department with an entirely independent authority. They honestly believed, no doubt, that Gates would clear the South, as he had in their opinion vanquished Burgoyne, but even if the victory at Saratoga had been in any way due to him, which it was not, he now had before him a widely different task. Here, in the Carolinas, he succeeded to no Schuyler, who had hampered the invaders and checked their march by skilfully prepared obstructions, nor did he come to an army flushed with success, and growing every day by the arrival of well-armed recruits. In the South there was no American army; the British, instead of being concentrated in a single united force, held all the posts in two States, and were able to go where they pleased, and draw supplies from the coast, instead of being cut off from all communication as Burgoyne had been. The people, stunned by the disasters which had fallen so rapidly upon them, were only just rousing themselves to fight, and in that sparsely settled region were singularly destitute of arms and equipments, which, with their seaports in British hands, could only be obtained after long delays from the North. It was a situation which demanded not only great military capacity, but patience, endurance, and the ability to avoid a decisive action until there had been time to rally the people to the nucleus of regulars and make an army able to march and fight, to win victories and sustain defeats.

Such were the difficult but imperative conditions of success in the South, and Gates disregarded every one of them. As soon as he arrived in DeKalb's camp he made up his mind to march at once on Camden, a most important point, which he apparently expected to take without trouble. On July 27th, having sent Marion out to watch the enemy—almost the only intelligent step taken at this time—Gates started for Camden along a line which led him through a poor and barren country, where his army was hard pressed for subsistence. On August 3d he was joined at the crossing of the Pedee by Colonel Porterfield with a small but excellent body of Virginians. Thence he moved on against the advice of some of his best officers, and formed a junction with Caswell and the North Carolina militia, who were so ill-organized and badly disciplined that Colonel Williams, of Maryland, actually rode through their lines without being challenged. With these dangerous reinforcements Gates marched on cheerfully toward the British, who, under the command of Lord Rawdon, an active and enterprising officer, had called in their outlying parties and taken up a strong position on Lynch's Creek. Instead of marching up the creek, turning Lord Rawdon's flank, and then moving on Camden, which under these conditions would probably have fallen an easy prey, Gates lingered about for two days, doing no one knows what, and then, bending to the right, took the road from Charlotte and advanced to Clermont, where he was joined on August 14th by Colonel Stevens with seven hundred Virginia militia. The same day Sumter came into camp with four hundred men, and asked for as many more, in order that he might cut off the British baggage-train and

convoy. It seems almost beyond belief, but Gates granted this request, and deliberately allowed the best fighter in the South to leave his army with eight hundred men when he was on the eve of battle, in the presence of a strong, well-disciplined, well-commanded enemy, and when his own forces were largely composed of raw militia, who, unlike Sumter's men, had never been under fire. Even more incredible than the fact is the explanation. Gates actually did not know how many men he had under his command. He thought he had seven thousand, and, finding that he had but three thousand and fifty-two, he coolly said, "That will be enough for our purpose." The English spies, who seemed to have had the run of his camp, no doubt made a more accurate and earlier count than that of the American General.

While Gates was thus weakening himself in the face of the enemy, Cornwallis arrived in the British camp and determined to surprise the Americans. With this purpose he started on the morning of August 15th, and Gates, who had set forth at the same hour, blundered into the arms of the advancing British, not having apparently the slightest idea where his enemies were or what they were doing. Colonel Armand, a French officer, was in front with a small body of cavalry, and gave way before the British advance. Gates, on learning that he was in the presence of the enemy, determined, after a hasty conference with his officers, to fight. His position was a bad one, for although his flanks were protected by a marsh, this narrowed his front and gave advantage to the smaller but compact, well-led, and well-disciplined force of the British. When it was seen that the enemy was forming to advance, Stevens was ordered to charge with the Vir-

ginia militia, utterly raw troops, who had only joined the army the day before. Cornwallis, to meet them immediately, threw forward his right wing, consisting of his best troops under Webster. The Virginians gave way at once without firing, dropped their guns, and fled in a wild panic. The next line, consisting of the equally raw North Carolina militia, followed the example of the Virginians without a moment's hesitation, except for one regiment, which fired a few rounds. This left only the Continental troops, the regular soldiers of the Maryland and Delaware line, under DeKalb, to meet the whole British army. These men stood their ground so stubbornly and successfully that DeKalb, not realizing fully the utter disaster on the left wing, ordered a charge, and drove the British back. No men could have fought better than these soldiers of Washington's army in the face of disaster. Eight hundred of them fell on the field, and DeKalb, wounded eleven times, died a prisoner in the hands of the British. But they were fighting against hopeless odds; they were outnumbered and outflanked, and, after rallying twice gallantly in the midst of their enemies, they finally broke and retreated.

To defeat these Continental soldiers cost Cornwallis nearly four hundred men—a severe loss to an army no larger than his, and one he could ill afford. The American army, however, was utterly broken and dispersed. Colonel Williams said that DeKalb's fate was "probably avoided by the other Generals only by an opportune retreat," which was a euphemistic way of stating that Gates went off with the militia and that very night reached Charlotte, sixty miles away, which was a highly creditable feat of hard riding. He was closely followed by Caswell, the North Car-

olina Commander, and others, and the next day, still restless apparently, he betook himself to Hillsborough, where the North Carolina Legislature was in session, for he always seems to have been more at home with congresses and legislatures than with armies. Either an abounding charity or a love of paradox has tempted some recent writers to say that Gates has been too harshly judged, but it is difficult to discover any error he could have committed which he did not commit. He came down to form an army, where none existed, around a nucleus of regular troops, not to take command of one already organized. He should not have fought until he had made his army, disciplined it, marched and manœuvred with it, and tested it in some small actions. Instead of doing this he took the Continentals and marched straight for the main British army, picking up reinforcements of untried, undisciplined militia on the way. Arriving within striking distance of the enemy, he actually did not know how many men he had, and sent off eight hundred of his best troops, the only militia apparently who had seen fighting. When he stumbled upon the enemy he put his poorest troops in front, without apparently direction or support, and first of all the militia who had been with him only twenty-four hours. Colonel Stevens of Virginia, a brave man, said that the rout was due to the "damned cowardly behavior of the militia," and as he commanded one division of them he probably knew what he was saying. But to lay the fault on the militia is begging the question. The unsteadiness of perfectly green troops in the field is well known, and these men ought not to have been brought into action against regulars at all at that moment—least of all should they have been put in the van to resist the onset of seasoned veterans without instructions

or apparent support. The defeat of Camden was due to bad generalship, and resulted in the complete dispersion of the militia, and the sacrifice and slaughter of the hard-fighting Continentals. Sumter even was carried down in the wreck. He had cut off the convoy and baggage with perfect success, but the victory at Camden set the British free to pursue him. He eluded Cornwallis, but, encumbered and delayed by his prize, he was overtaken and surprised by Tarleton. Half his force was killed, wounded, or made prisoners ; the rest were scattered, and it is said that Sumter, a few days later, rode into Charlotte alone, without a saddle and hatless, to begin all over again the work of forming a regiment, which he performed as usual with great energy and success.

Cornwallis did not follow up his victory very energetically, but there was really little need to do so. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution in the South, which now lay well-nigh helpless and quite open to the enemy. A second army had been swept away, and again no organized American force held the field. The three Southern Colonies were, for the time at least, conquered, if not subdued, and the way seemed clear for the British march upon Virginia, the great State which was one of the pillars of the American cause. Yet it was just at this gloomy time that the first grievous disaster came to the British arms, from a quarter where no danger was expected, and where it seemed as if armed men sprang up from the earth.

CHAPTER IV

KING'S MOUNTAIN AND THE COWPENS

BEFORE moving on Virginia it was deemed desirable by the British Commanders to trample out the last embers of rebellion still smouldering in the interior of the conquered States. For this purpose Cruger and a detachment of loyalists went after the Americans under Clarke, who was attacking Augusta. Clarke was defeated, driven off, and forced to take to the mountains, while the victorious loyalists hung some thirteen prisoners, a practice in which the British and their allies were just then fond of indulging. With the same general object, another and larger force, composed chiefly of loyalists, but with some regular troops also, was sent to sweep along the borders of the Carolinas and complete the absolute reduction of the country. This division was under the command of Patrick Ferguson, a son of Lord Pitfour, a soldier of twenty years' experience in Europe and America, a gallant and accomplished officer, and one of Cornwallis's most trusted Lieutenants. He was the very model of a brilliant and dashing partisan leader, and by his winning manners was especially successful in encouraging the loyalists, and in drawing them out to enlist under his standard, which they did in large numbers. He was less merciless than Tarleton, for he did not massacre prisoners

nor permit women to be outraged after the manner of that distinguished officer, but he did a good deal of burning and pillaging and hung rebels occasionally. He was a brave, effective, formidable fighter, and the pacification of the borders could not have been intrusted to better hands.

Ferguson, in the performance of his task, advanced to the foot of the mountains, and sent word by a prisoner that he would penetrate the hills and destroy the villages there if the people sent aid to their brethren of the plain and sea-coast. It was an ill-timed message and had results very different from those expected by the sender. Beyond the mountains which Ferguson was skirting with his army lay the frontier settlements of Franklin and Holston, destined to develop one day into the State of Tennessee. The inhabitants were pioneers and backwoodsmen of the same type as those who followed Boone and Logan and Clark in Kentucky. They had cleared their farms in the wilderness, and, while they drove the plough, or swung the axe, the rifle was never out of reach. Like the men of Kentucky, they had been doing stubborn battle with the Indians stirred up against them by the British, and they had taken but little part in the general movement of the seaboard colonies. Isaac Shelby, indeed, had crossed the mountains with two hundred men, in answer to an appeal for help from the Carolinas, but with this exception the men of the West had had no share in the Revolution other than the desperate work by which they had held their own against the savages. Now they heard that Ferguson was on the edge of their settlements, threatening them with fire, sword, and halter. This brought the war, in very grim fashion, to their own doors, and as they were neither a timid nor a peace-loving race, they did not

wait for the enemy to come, but set out to meet him. Shelby heard the news first, and rode in hot haste to the home of Sevier, the other County Lieutenant, to carry the tidings. At Sevier's settlement there was a barbecue, a horse-race, and much feasting going on, but when Shelby gave his message the merrymakers all promised to turn out. Thence Shelby rode back to raise his own men, and sent a messenger to the Holston Virginians, who had already been out in one campaign, and were even now organized to go down and fight Cornwallis. At first they refused to change their plans, but on a second and more urgent summons they too agreed to join their brethren of the mountains.

They all assembled at the Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, on September 25th. Four hundred of the Virginians came under William Campbell, 500 from the more southern settlement under Shelby and Sevier, and 160 refugees under McDowell, of North Carolina. The next day they started, after a stern old Presbyterian minister had prayed and asked a blessing upon them. They gathered in an open grove, and, leaning on their rifles, these backwoodsmen and wild Indian fighters bowed their heads and listened in silence to the preacher who blessed them and called upon them to do battle and smite the foe with the sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Then they set out, a strange-looking army, clad in buckskin shirts and fringed leggings, without a tent, a bayonet or any baggage, and with hardly a sword among the officers. But every man had a rifle, a knife, and a tomahawk, and they were all mounted on wiry horses. Discipline in the usual military sense was unknown, and yet they were no ordinary militia. Every man was a fighter,

bred in Indian wars, who had passed his life with horse and rifle, encompassed by perils. They were a formidable body of men—hardy, bold to recklessness, and swift of movement. They pushed on rapidly over the high table-land covered with snow, and then down the ravines and gorges—rough riding, where there was hardly a trail—until, on the 29th, they reached the pleasant open lowlands near the North Forks of the Catawba. Here they were joined by more than three hundred North Carolina militia, led by Colonel Cleaveland, a hunter and Indian fighter, quite the equal in prowess and experience of any who had crossed the mountains, and with a long list of private wrongs to avenge, for he had been in the thick of the civil war and partisan fighting which, since the fall of Charleston, had desolated the Southern States. On October 1st the forces, thus increased, passed Pilot Mountain and camped near the head of Cane and Silver Creeks. Thus far they had proceeded, as they had gathered together, each band under the command of its own chief, but such an arrangement involved too much disorder even for so unorganized an army as this, and the next day, dropping all local differences and personal jealousies, they agreed that Colonel William Campbell should take command of the entire expedition. On October 3d they started again, after Shelby had addressed them. He first told any man to go who desired to do so, and not one stirred. Then he bade them remember that each man must be his own officer, fight for his own hand, draw off if need be, but never leave the field, and when they met the British, "give them Indian play." Thus reorganized and instructed they set forth. As they marched they picked up small bands of refugees, and heard of a large

body of four hundred militia crossing the country from Flint Hill to join them. They were near Gilbertown on the 4th, with their numbers raised now to nearly fifteen hundred men. Here they had expected to come up with Ferguson; but the English leader, who had good eyes and ears and was well informed, had moved rapidly away, doubling and turning, and meanwhile sending diligently in all directions for reinforcements and urging the loyalists everywhere to rally to his support. He marched so rapidly and with so much cunning that he would easily have baffled any regular army, no matter how quick in motion or how lightly equipped. But his pursuers were no ordinary soldiers. They had passed their lives in tracking game and in following or eluding savages, wilder and more artful than any beast of prey that roamed their forests. Now they pursued Ferguson as they would have hunted an Indian war-band. They rode in loose order, but followed the trail with the keen fidelity of hounds upon a burning scent. They had no bayonets and no tents, but they could go for many hours without sleep or food, and minded bad weather as little as the animals they stalked and killed. These "Backwater men," who had sprung up so suddenly from the wooded hills, were tireless and determined, and they meant to fight.

When they found that Ferguson was no longer near Gilbertown, that many of their horses were worn out, and that some of the militia who had joined them on foot were weary with marching, they did not stop for rest and refreshment, but picked out the strongest horses and the best men to the number of seven hundred and fifty and pressed on. To their minds the fact that Ferguson was retreating meant simply that he was afraid, and they did not intend to let

him escape. So, with half their number, the strongest and best mounted, they hurried on. They rode hard all day, and it was growing dark when they reached the Cowpens, and were there joined by the bands of militia from Flint Hill. On the way they had heard of bodies of loyalists, some very large, going to Ferguson's assistance, but they were not turned aside to win an easy victory and lose that which they had crossed the mountains to gain. They were a simple-minded, rough folk, and hence they were disposed to have one idea at a time, and cling to it—a very unfortunate propensity for their enemies at this precise moment. So they heeded not the loyalists making for the British camp, but made their last preparations, for they were near at last to the object of their pursuit.

Ferguson had gradually drawn away from the mountains, but he was unwilling to leave the Western loyalists wholly undefended. So he moved slowly, gathering such help as he could, until he was as near to Cornwallis at Charlotte as he was to the mountaineers. Here, on October 6th, he established himself in a very strong position on a spur of King's Mountain, just south of the North Carolina boundary. He fixed his camp upon a rocky ridge some seven hundred yards long, with steep wooded sides, and about sixty feet above the valley level. The heavy baggage-train was massed on the northeastern end of the ridge, and the soldiers camped between that and the southern declivities. So confident did Ferguson feel in the strength of his position that he did not move on the morning of the 7th, and was probably quite willing to receive an attack.

The "Backwater men," as the British leader had called his enemies, started on the evening of the 6th, and, through the darkness and rain, marched slowly on. The next morn-

ing the rain was still falling, but they kept on, indifferent to weather, merely wrapping their blankets about the gun-locks. From two captured Tories they learned just where Ferguson was, from a Whig friend what his dispositions were and how he was dressed, which last little bit of information was the death-warrant of the gallant Scotchman when he faced those deadly rifles. Nearer they came and nearer, and when within a mile of the mountain, the rain having ceased, they dismounted, tied their horses, and prepared for an assault on foot. The Colonels made their last arrangements. Campbell's and Shelby's men were to hold the centre and to attack in front. The left wing was under Cleaveland, and was formed of his men and the Flint Hill militia. The right wing was led by Sevier, and threw out a detachment which swung far around, by desperate riding got to the rear, and thus cut off the only avenue of escape before the battle was over. The countersign was "Buford," the name of the leader whose troops had been massacred by Tarleton after surrendering at the Waxhaw, and the riflemen were again ordered to follow their officers, to fight each for himself, to retreat if necessary, but never to run away, and once more to let the foe have "Indian play." The word of command was given, and on and up they went. The backwoodsmen were nearly as numerous as their enemy, but the British forces had all the advantage of position; they were chiefly loyalists, with some regulars, but were all well disciplined, thoroughly drilled, and equipped with bayonets. Ferguson was alert and well informed, and yet so swift and silent were the movements of these backwoodsmen that he was surrounded and found himself attacked almost unawares. Suddenly the steep sides of the mountain seemed to start to life with armed men, and the

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

"The British rallied and drove their foes back with the bayonet in one place only to meet them in another, and each time the wave of backwoodsmen came a little higher."

flash of the rifle flared out from among the trees, silent and dark but a moment before. Ferguson, however, was never unprepared. Short as the warning was, he got his men in line and, blowing his silver whistle, with which he directed the charges, flung his column upon Campbell's men. The riflemen gave way before the bayonet and slipped back down the hill; but when Ferguson turned there were Shelby's men swarming up the other side. Again the silver whistle blew, again the column formed and charged down, and again the mountaineers gave way. But even while he flung back Shelby, Campbell's men were again coming up, gliding from tree to tree, picking off their foes with deadly certainty, and constantly getting nearer the top. Ferguson rode from point to point rallying his men. The silver whistle would blow, the compact, well-disciplined soldiers would charge, repel their assailants, and return to meet another attack. The moment the red line paused in the charge and prepared to repulse an assault from another quarter, the riflemen would turn and follow them up the slope. So the fight raged fiercely, the British rallying and driving their foes back with the bayonet in one place only to meet them in another, and each time the wave of backwoodsmen came a little higher. At last, as Sevier's men were nearing the crest, they caught full sight of the gallant figure they had so long been looking for. The rifles rang out, and Ferguson, pierced by half a dozen bullets, fell dead from his horse. De Peyster, the next in command, bravely rallied the men, but the end was near. The deadly aim of the rifles had done its work. Half the British regulars were killed, and the rest were broken and dispersed. The loyalists and riflemen fought hand to hand along the crest of the ridge, brother with brother, kinsman

against kinsman. Then the loyalists broke and fled to the baggage-wagons, only to find that they were completely surrounded. Further resistance was hopeless, and De Peyster raised the white flag and surrendered. The hard-fought fight was over. The British had lost, all told, in killed and disabled, between three and four hundred, and the Americans about one hundred and twenty. The resistance which sacrificed nearly forty per cent. of its force was desperate, but the British overshot, while the hunters and Indian fighters made all their shots tell. The victory was complete. Ferguson was killed, and his whole force either left on the field or captured. The Americans departed at once with their prisoners, and their great spoil of arms and equipment. They sullied their victory a few days later by hanging nine of their prisoners, in revenge for the many hangings by the men of Tarleton and Ferguson, and especially for the thirteen just hanged by Cruger. The officers, however, interfered at this point and checked any further executions, thirty in all having been condemned to death. Then, leaving their prisoners with the lowland militia, the men of the Western waters shouldered their rifles, took their spoils, crossed the mountains, and in due time celebrated their victory with much feasting, shooting, racing, and eating of whole roast oxen at their block-houses and log-cabins beyond the Alleghanies.

Cornwallis, appalled by this sudden disaster, very naturally feared that after their great victory the backwoodsmen would pour down and assail him on flank and rear. His alarm was needless. The riflemen burst out of the wilderness to hunt down the man who threatened their dearly bought and hardly defended homes. They caught their enemy, killed him, captured his army, and then, the

thing they came for done, they disappeared among the Western forests as suddenly as they had come. They swept down from their hills like a Highland clan, won a complete and striking victory and withdrew, but they were incapable of doing the work or carrying on the patient labors and steady fighting of a disciplined army, by which alone campaigns are won. At the same time they were perfect for the particular feat they actually performed, of swiftly pursuing a hostile force, surrounding it, and then, without strategy or tactics, by sheer hard fighting and straight shooting, win a victory from which hardly a single enemy escaped. It was only by superior fighting that they won, for they were slightly inferior in numbers, very much at a disadvantage in position, and without military discipline or proper equipment. Yet it so happened that the battle of King's Mountain—won without any plan or object beyond the immediate destruction of an invader whom the backwoodsmen dealt with as they would have done with a large Indian war-party, if they could have penned it up in the same fashion—proved one of the decisive battles of the Revolution. It turned the tide of war in the Southern States. From that time, with ups and downs, of course, the British fortunes declined, while the spirits of the Southern people rose at a bound. The back country was freed, for Ferguson and his men constituted the force upon which Cornwallis counted to subdue the interior and crush out all local risings. That force and its very brave and efficient commander were wiped out of existence. The British General had lost one of the most important parts of his army, and his campaign for the future was permanently crippled in consequence. The immediate effect was to check his movement north-

ward, and the first advance through North Carolina to Virginia failed. On October 14th he began his retreat from Charlotte, and after a hard march of fifteen days, through rain and mud and with scant food, he reached Winnsborough, near Camden. All the way his men had

THE BAYONET CHARGE BY THE SECOND MARYLAND BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF CAMDEN.

been attacked and shot down by the militia, something quite impossible before King's Mountain. Encouraged in the same way, Marion had again taken the field and begun to cut off outlying British posts. Tarleton went after him, burning and ravaging as he rode, but Marion eluded him, and then he was forced to turn back, for Sumter had broken out near Camden and was intercepting supplies, beating loyalist militia, and generally making

the life of the commanding General uncomfortable. The interior country, in fact, was slipping from the British control, and even the position of their main army was menaced. So Tarleton went after his old enemy with his usual zeal. He came up with Sumter at the Blackstock plantation, did not stop to consider either Sumter's position or numbers, and dashed at him with two hundred and fifty men. This time Sumter was neither surprised nor encumbered with baggage, and fought on ground of his own choosing. He repulsed Tarleton's charge, and then drove back the infantry with such severe loss that Tarleton was forced to retreat rapidly, leaving his wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The year closed cheerfully for the Americans. Cornwallis had been forced to abandon his Northern march and retreat. The country was up in arms, and Sumter and Marion threatened British posts and communications in all directions, while the victory at King's Mountain had destroyed an important part of the British force. But at the same time the riflemen had disappeared silently and swiftly as they had come, and the only American forces were, as before, scattered bands. It is true the spirit of the people had revived, but there was still no army, and without a regular army the British could not be driven from the South. Twice had the central government tried to supply the great defect, only to have one army captured at Charleston and another flung away at Camden. Now a third attempt was to be made, and on it the fate of the war in the Carolinas would turn. This time Congress allowed Washington to choose a Commander, and he selected Greene, as he had done in the first instance. He said that he sent a General without an

army, for, generous as he was, he could now spare only three hundred and fifty men from the regular line. But he felt that the Commander was really the main thing, since experience had shown that there was abundance of material in the South for soldiers, and he knew that in this instance he sent a man who not only could make an army, but who would not fight until his army was made.

Greene, thus chosen to command, at once went to Philadelphia, where he delivered Washington's letter and made his report to Congress. Then he examined all papers relating to his new department, and in two days made another report to Congress, setting forth his needs. It appeared that he wanted pretty much everything—money, men, stores, arms, and ample authority. Congress had never liked Greene over-much, but since the wreck of their favorite, Gates, they were in a chastened frame of mind, and with extraordinary promptness they proceeded to comply with their new General's demands. They assigned Steuben to the Southern department; they gave Greene every possible power and authority, together with letters of recommendation and appeal to all the State legislatures. In the more important material things they could give less, because they had little to give. Fifteen hundred stand of arms was about the measure of their contribution, for money, men, and clothing they had not. Greene, the indefatigable, reached out in all directions, trying to beg or borrow everywhere money, clothing, medicine, or anything else. Pennsylvania, through Reed, helped him to some wagons to replace those lost by Gates, but he got little else. Then Greene, believing that he could use cavalry in the South, persuaded Congress to give him Henry Lee, "Lighthorse Harry," commission

him as a Lieutenant-Colonel and authorize him to raise a regiment. All these things done, or at least vigorously agitated, Greene set forth to his command. As he went he steadily kept up the work he had begun in Philadelphia, demanding, urging, praying for men, money, and supplies to be sent with him or after him. He went with his story and his requests before the legislatures of Delaware and Maryland, and presented the letters of Washington and of the Congress. He roused both States, and obtained pledges which were later to bear fruit. Thence he pressed on to Richmond, where he met Jefferson, then Governor, and the legislature. The spirit, the disposition of all were excellent, but everything was in confusion. Clothing could not be had, recruits were coming in slowly, a body of the enemy had landed in the southeast, and there was an infinity of work to be done before the great State on which chiefly he would have to rely could be brought to a condition where its resources would be available. Greene gave them Steuben to take charge of their military affairs, set other matters in such train as was possible, wrote urgent letters to Congress and to Washington, and then set forward again. Now he began to get reports from the scene toward which he was going—vague, contradictory, fluctuating reports which troubled him much, and seemed to presage a very troublesome and chaotic situation to be met and overcome. Finally, on December 2d, he reached Charlotte. Almost his first act was to answer Cornwallis's complaint of the hanging of prisoners at King's Mountain, by sending a list of fifty prisoners hanged by order of the British Commanders, and at the same time declaring that he did not intend to wage war in that fashion. But it was the work of army-mak-

ing which chiefly concerned him, not verbal controversies with Cornwallis. Unlike Gates, he at once counted his army instead of waiting until the eve of battle for that information, and the result was not inspiriting. He found that he had 2,300 men, who had been gathered together by Gates since his defeat. They were poorly equipped and badly disciplined. The militia were in the habit of going home when the humor took them, but Greene, in his prompt fashion and with a painful disregard for local customs, declared this to be desertion, shot the first offender, and demonstrated that a new commander had really come. While he was organizing the army he also examined and surveyed the rivers, found where the fords were, and then, instead of plunging headlong at the enemy, withdrew to the fertile meadows of the Pedee and there formed a camp and proceeded to drill his troops and prepare them for work. He acted quickly, quietly, and without much conversation. "I call no councils of war," he wrote to Hamilton on December 20th. Yet, bad as was the condition of the weak and broken army, Greene was extremely fortunate in his officers. Harry Lee, the most brilliant cavalry officer of the Revolution, in which cavalry was but little used, had come with him. On the spot he had found John Eager Howard and Colonel Otho Williams, of Maryland, and William Washington, of Virginia. These were all brave, experienced, dashing officers, just the men who would prove invaluable to Greene. There was also another officer, higher in rank than any of these, who had come to Charlotte as soon as he heard of the rout at Camden. This was Daniel Morgan, of Virginia, an abler soldier than any whom Greene found at Charlotte, and far more suggestive of the deeper mean-

THE MEETING OF GREENE AND GATES AT CHARLOTTE, N. C., UPON THE FORMER'S ASSUMING COMMAND.

General Davidson in uniform, Kosciusko, and General Morgan in buckskins, are behind General Gates in the picture.

ings of the American Revolution. Lee and Howard and the rest represented the rich landholders, the well-established aristocracy of the Colonies. They had wealth, position, and education as a birthright, in addition to their own courage and capacity. At them could not be flung the constant sneer and gibe of the loyalist satirist and pamphleteer, that the American officers were men of lowly birth, fishers and choppers and ploughmen. Yet that at which the loyalist and the Tory sneered was one of the great signs of the time, a portent of the democratic movement, a new source of strength in war and peace. The custom of the world then was to give military power and command by favor, to treat them as plunder to be shared among a limited class. Rank, birth, political service, the bar sinister, if it crossed a coat of arms sufficiently illustrious, were the best titles to high military command. England, forgetting whence she had taken Clive and Wolfe, had relapsed into the current system of favoritism, and sent out Howes and Clintons and Burgoynes to command her armies in America. Many men of this class were physically brave—now and then one, like Cornwallis or Rawdon, was efficient—but as a rule they lacked ability, were self-indulgent, and sometimes cruel. They represented an old system now rotten and broken, and against them came a new system with the blood of youth in its veins, for the democratic movement was to draw most of its leaders from the people, whence its real strength came. Twenty years later, that which was a little-understood fact in the American war, had been formulated into an aphorism in the mighty revolution sweeping over Europe, and men learned that the new order of things meant *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, and that every private sol-

dier had perchance a marshal's *bâton* hidden in his knapsack.

Of this class, so pre-eminently children of their time and of the great social forces then stirring into life, Daniel Morgan was a most typical example. Born in New Jersey,* the son of a poor Welsh emigrant, he began life as a day-laborer. Drifting out to the frontier he became a wagoner, then a soldier in the Braddock expedition, was brutally flogged under the savage military code of the time for striking a companion, kept on in spite of this hideous wrong, and so distinguished himself in battle that he was promoted from the ranks and given a commission. Desperately wounded, he escaped from the Indians in one hot skirmish, by clinging blindly to the neck of his frightened runaway horse. Thus he lived on the frontier—reckless, fighting, drinking, gaming—saved only from destruction by his gigantic strength and hard head. A fortunate marriage turned him from his wild life and brought his really fine and gentle nature uppermost. He settled down in Virginia, and although he fought in Pontiac's and Lord Dunmore's wars, he became a steady, hardworking planter. When the Revolution came only one side was possible to such a man—he was the friend of Washington, the way was open to ability, and his time had come. With his riflemen raised in Virginia he had distinguished himself in almost every action from Boston to Monmouth, and had been taken prisoner in the desperate night assault at Quebec. He had been especially conspicuous in the Burgoyne campaign, playing a very large part in all the fighting which

* Morgan's birthplace is disputed. A strong claim has been made that he was born in Bucks County, Pa. The statement in the text is that generally accepted, and has the support of Grahame Morgan's biographer.

culminated in the surrender of Saratoga, where the British commander told him that he commanded "the finest regiment in the world." Congress did not, however, seem impressed in the same way. In the promotions so lavishly given to foreigners and favorites, Morgan was passed over, and at last withdrew in disgust to his home in Virginia. But when he heard of the defeat at Camden he at once said that this was no time for personal feelings or resentments, and went directly to Hillsborough to join the defeated Gates. Then, at last, Congress gave him his tardy promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and when Greene arrived he found Morgan already at work. With excellent judgment Greene confirmed Morgan in his separate command, and the latter, threatening Cornwallis's flank, crossed the Catawba and, picking up some small additional bodies of militia, moved along the Pacolet River, where he cut off and defeated with heavy loss a large body of loyalists who were ravaging that country. His operations and his position alike threatened the British seriously, and Cornwallis could not advance into North Carolina or against Greene until he had disposed of Morgan's division. He therefore detached Tarleton with the light infantry and some cavalry—eleven hundred men in all—to follow Morgan, while he moved in such a way himself as to cut Morgan off if he attempted to retreat to North Carolina.

Tarleton moved rapidly, and Morgan fell back before him, until, on January 16th, he reached the Cowpens, where cattle were rounded up and branded, a place about midway between Spartanburg and the Cherokee ford of the Broad River. Morgan, brought up in the school of Washington, and having a perfect understanding of the situation in the South, wished just then, as much as Greene, to avoid a

decisive action. At the same time, as he wrote his chief, this course might not be always possible, and he knew that he was in a position at once difficult and dangerous. Well informed by his scouts, he was aware that he was between two armies, and when he reached the Cowpens he determined to stand his ground and fight, although some of his officers recommended otherwise. In the evening he walked about among the camp-fires talking to the militia, who were of the same class from which he himself had sprung. He told them that he was going to fight, took them into his confidence, assured them that "the old wagoner would crack his whip over Tarleton," and that if they gave three fires they would surely win. The next morning he had his men roused early, so that they could breakfast well, and then he formed them for battle. His main line was composed of the Maryland Continental troops in the centre, with the Virginia riflemen on each flank. In front he placed the militia under Pickens, and in the rear, out of sight, Colonel Washington and the cavalry. Then Morgan rode up and down the line, and told the militia to give the enemy two killing fires and fall back. He explained to the Continentals that the militia would retire after delivering these volleys, that they must stand firm in the centre, and, placed as they were on rising ground, fire low.

As soon as Tarleton came in sight of the American army thus posted and drawn up, he raced at them, hardly waiting to form his line or to allow his reserve to come up. It was Tarleton's way, and had proved very pleasant and successful on several occasions in dealing with raw militia. But here he was face to face with an experienced soldier, and with an army resting on a body of tried veterans in the centre. As he advanced, the militia, under

THE COMBAT BETWEEN COLONELS WASHINGTON AND TARLETON AT THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

It was through his bravery in this personal encounter that Tarleton was able to effect his escape after the battle.

Pickens, delivered two or three well-aimed and destructive volleys, and then gave ground and fell back, as they had been told, but without disorder, round the wings of Howard and the Marylanders, who held the centre. The main line in turn poured in such a heavy and well-sustained fire that the British hesitated, and Tarleton, calling for his reserves, flung himself upon Howard's men. Howard, seeing that his flank was being turned, ordered the right company to face about. The order was misunderstood, and the whole line faced about and began to retreat. This blunder was turned into the stroke of victory by Morgan's quickness. Pickens and his militia had reformed, and were assailing the British right wing, while Colonel Washington, charging suddenly and breaking the right wing, got to the rear of the enemy, and saw them rushing forward pell-mell after Howard's retreating line. "They are coming on like a mob," he sent word to Morgan. "Give them a fire and I will charge them." Suddenly, at the command, the steady Continental troops halted, faced about, poured in a heavy and deadly fire, and followed it with a bayonet charge upon the disordered British line. At the same moment Washington dashed in upon them in the rear. All was now over in a few minutes. The rout was utter and complete, and the British infantry, outflanked and surrounded, threw away their arms and began to cry for the quarter which they had refused to Buford's men, but which was here accorded to them. Six hundred of Tarleton's eleven hundred were captured. Ten officers and over a hundred men were killed, showing the gallantry with which they fought until taken between two fires, while Tarleton himself, by personal prowess and hard riding, barely escaped. All the cannon, arms, equipage, everything fell into the hands of

the Americans, who on their side lost only twelve killed and sixty wounded.

The numbers engaged at the Cowpens were small, only eight hundred Americans and about eleven hundred British, but it was one of the best-fought actions of the war. Morgan, no doubt, took a serious risk in fighting with the Broad River in his rear and with no protection to his flanks, but he knew his men, he did not intend that they should have any temptation to retreat, and he had confidence in them and in himself. Tarleton, no doubt, was rash in the extreme and blundered in his hasty advance, but he was one of the best of the British officers, and his error arose, as the British errors usually did, from contempt for his opponent. Yet, after all allowances for Tarleton's mistakes, the fact remains that Morgan's tactics were admirable, and he handled his men, who behaved with the utmost steadiness, so perfectly that he turned a blunder in an important order into a decisive opportunity for immediate victory. How well he fought his battle is best shown by the fact that he not only defeated his enemy, but utterly destroyed him. Moreover, his coolness and judgment, so excellent before the fight and in the heat of action, were not affected by his victory. He crossed the Broad River that very night, and when Cornwallis, stung by the defeat of Tarleton, rushed after Morgan, actually burning his baggage that he might move the faster, he reached the Little Catawba only to learn that the victorious Americans had crossed with their prisoners two days before and were on the way to join Greene's army.

The victory at the Cowpens was a fit supplement to that at King's Mountain. In the latter fight the backwoodsmen had sprung out of their hills in defence of their

Gloucester Oct: 27 1781

Sir

I am to request of you to
interest yourself in obtaining permission
from His Excellency Gen.l Washington,
for me, to pass to Europe from
New York, of Remain Prisoner
on parole to the united States of
America —

My affairs are greatly
deranged by a stay of upwards of
five years in this country there —
for — for I wish as early as possible
to visit my native land & that
whether exchanged, or on parole,
I may not be prevented from the
execution of my design —

I assure you, that you will
do me a kindness by performing
this business & giving me an early
answer

I have the Honour
to be
Your most obed.t & most hble Serv.t
Banl. Tarleton
2.d Col.

To Mr Laurens

A LETTER OF TARLETON—IN THE DREER COLLECTION, PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

homes and swept away the strong corps to which Cornwallis trusted for scouts, outpost work, and the conquest of the interior. In the former a regular army, commanded by one of Washington's Generals, had utterly defeated a select body of British troops, and crushed out of existence the light infantry which Cornwallis had used so effectively, and which he was to need so much in the future. There was much hard fighting still to do, but the days of panic and submission were over. The question had ceased to be how much the British would overrun and conquer, and had become the very different one of how long they could hold their ground, and how soon the Americans, represented at last by a regular army and an able General, could drive them out. The first chapter in the British invasion of the South, England's last and most effective attempt to conquer her colonies, closed at Charleston with the loss of Lincoln's army and the utter prostration of the American cause in that region. The second chapter began with Camden and ended with King's Mountain and the Cowpens. After Morgan's victory a new campaign opened in the South.

CHAPTER V

GREENE'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH

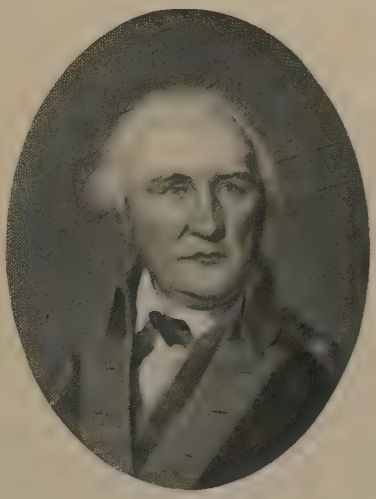
TO tell within moderate limits the story of Greene's campaign in the South is not easy. The subject is one which deserves to be studied in the minutest details, and success was achieved not by a single brilliant stroke, but through a long series of movements made under trying difficulties, and with many checks, finally culminating in the complete result which had been striven for so long and so patiently. It was a campaign which began with the formation of an army from very raw material, and under almost impossible conditions. It included three pitched battles, many lesser actions, dexterous retreats, masterly manœuvres, and the solution of the immediate problem without ever failing in the long look ahead to the ultimate purpose, or in the grasp of the many phases of a conflict which was carried on not only by the main army, but by detached forces over a wide extent of country. That Greene proved himself fully equal to this difficult task, from which he at last emerged victorious, demonstrates his high ability, both as a soldier and administrator, and gives him a place in the purely military history of the Revolution second only to that of Washington. No correct judgment, either of the man or of his achievement, can be formed from any single incident, or

even from the most important battles of his campaign. What he was and what he did can be appreciated only by a survey which comprehends all his labors. Thus alone can we see how ably, patiently, and brilliantly he worked on steadily toward his great objective point, how he thrust himself between the divided British forces, and then leaving Cornwallis to go to his fate in Virginia, how he held grimly to his purpose, and unrelentingly pressed his enemy to the South, until he had driven the English armies from the States which at the outset they had overrun so easily.

He was engaged in the most preliminary work of making his army, when the division under Morgan met Tarleton and won the striking victory of the Cowpens. It was an inspiriting and unlooked-for piece of good fortune to win such a fight, and win it so completely at the very start of the campaign, when neither Greene nor Morgan desired to run the risk of a decisive action. It was also a heavy blow to the enemy. But although Greene well knew the importance and meaning of what had been done, his head was not turned by the success, and he was well aware that he was as little able to fight Cornwallis with his own army as he had been before the rout of Tarleton.

When the news of Morgan's victory reached the camp on the Pedee, nearly a week after the event, Greene's first feeling was one of great joy, and his second, one of deep anxiety, for his army was divided and the enemy were between him and Morgan. The situation was full of danger, and the fate of the campaign at that critical moment turned on the escape of the victors of the Cowpens. Sending expresses in all directions to call out the militia, even while the exultant shouts of his soldiers filled the air

outside his tent, making rapid arrangements to have the prisoners taken to the North, ordering boats to be prepared for the crossing of the Yadkin, and even of the Dan, he put his army under the command of Huger, with directions to meet him at Salisbury, and then started himself to join Morgan. He went alone, accompanied only by an orderly sergeant, and rode night and day for a hundred and fifty miles in bad weather and through a country infested by loyalists, for he knew that Morgan's army was the important point, and he counted no risk in the one fixed determination to reach it. Morgan himself had shown equal wisdom. He had retreated as promptly and decisively as he had fought, and Cornwallis, on his arrival at Ramsour's Mills, found that his active foe had already crossed the river and escaped. When Greene learned that Cornwallis, in the eagerness of pursuit and the desire for revenge, had burned his baggage, he saw at once that his opponent had committed a capital mistake in not only missing his prey, but in crippling himself for an extended movement, and he exclaimed, when the news was brought to him, "Then he is ours." At that moment he hoped, if the waters of the Catawba did not fall, to check Cornwallis in crossing and force him back to the Santee. Unfortunately, after the manner of those rivers, the Catawba



GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.
From the portrait by Charles Willson Peale, 1794.

fell suddenly and Morgan was ordered to press on to the Yadkin, while Greene himself tried to collect the militia. Some eight hundred of them, under Davidson, attacked the enemy when they began to cross at McGowan's ford, and came very near inflicting a serious blow. But the British, breasting the stream with great gallantry, and not without serious losses, forced the passage, and, Davidson being killed, the militia rapidly dispersed. Only a third of them, indeed, remained together, and these were driven to rapid retreat the next morning by Tarleton. With the road thus cleared, Cornwallis hurried on to the Yadkin, where Greene's admirable foresight at once became apparent. The boats he had ordered were ready, and Morgan's whole army crossed easily and rapidly, his rear having a sharp skirmish with the British van, but getting safely over with only the loss of two or three wagons. The river was high and was running full and swift between the armies. Cornwallis had been energetic, but he had no boats. He was therefore helpless and could only soothe his feelings by a heavy cannonade, quite harmless to the Americans, who regarded him in safety from the opposite bank.

Greene, who had changed the place of meeting from Salisbury to Guilford, as he had been compelled to do by events, reached the latter point with Morgan on February 8th, and on the 9th the main army, under Huger, came up. Thus the first object had been attained. The Cowpens had been won, the prisoners brought off, and the junction effected so that Greene's army was no longer divided. This in itself was a feat, and a solid gain obtained in the face of great obstacles and through many dangers. But the great peril yet remained, for the united army was still

THE FIELD OF GREENE'S OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH.

in a most hazardous position, as Morgan's division had been before. Greene who, like all other able commanders, had carefully studied the character and habits of his adversary, hoped that Cornwallis's eagerness and zeal would lead him into a position where he could be attacked successfully. So when he heard that Cornwallis, baffled at the Yadkin, and informed that the Americans had no boats, had determined to cut them off at the fords of the Dan, he thought that there would be an opportunity to fight. But now there came upon him the ever-returning curse of short enlistments and of dependence on uncertain and unstable militia to shatter all his schemes and hopes. He could get no fresh recruits, could hardly indeed hold those he already had, and so found himself with only a little over two thousand men with whom to face a superior British force. To retreat toward Virginia, where Arnold was now ravaging and plundering with a strong body of troops, was dangerous in a military sense, and most undesirable in every other way because of its effect upon public opinion and the spirit of the people on which so much turned. But Greene did not hesitate. He had said that the one thing for which Cornwallis ought to make every sacrifice was the destruction of the American army, and his single determination was that his army should not be destroyed, for it carried in its hands the fate of the war in the South. To this one object everything else must yield. He not only did not throw himself upon the British, after the fashion of Gates, but he prepared for his retreat as carefully and methodically as he would have done for a battle. To Sumter, recovered from his wound, went word to call out the militia of South Carolina; to Marion to cross the Santee; to Pickens to follow up the rear of the enemy. The heavy baggage was sent to a place of

safety, urgent letters were dispatched to the Governors of North and South Carolina, and then Greene, on February 10th, started for the fords of the Dan, with the British close on his heels. He had only seventy miles to go, but the roads were deep in mud, well nigh impassable. His means of transportation were bad, his men wretchedly clothed, and in a large measure barefooted. Quick marching was impossible, and the enemy, well equipped and provided, were in hot haste after him. He had in his favor good officers, his own clear brains and indomitable courage, and the confidence and love of his men. "How you must suffer from cold," said Greene to the barefooted sentry. "I do not complain," came the answer. "I know I should fare well if our General could procure supplies; and if, as they say, we fight in a few days, I shall take care to secure some shoes." This little story brings out general and army in a clear light, and we see the sympathy and the knowledge of the one, and the faith and courage of the other—qualities by which victories in war are often wrung from adversity.

To delay the enemy, Greene detached seven hundred of his best men, cavalry and infantry, under Colonel Williams. They were to mislead, to retard, but to avoid all serious action. Well did they do their work. For three days the two armies pressed on, one in hot chase of the other. The main American army struggled forward through mud and water, marking their road, as Greene wrote to Washington, with blood-stained tracks. On the third day most of the North Carolina militia deserted, but the regulars and the rest of the militia moved steadily forward, suffering in grim silence. Meantime the flower of the army under Williams hung on the flank of Cornwallis,

embarrassing him at every stream and every defile, and leading him off on the road to the wrong ford. It was hard to keep the men in hand, and to avoid a serious fight, especially on the third day when Harry Lee's cavalry had a sharp brush with Tarleton's men in which the English lost eighteen men and the Americans two. The days of the easy slaughtering of the militia were drawing to a close, and Tarleton had been given a lesson, which it was a sore temptation to his teachers to continue. But Williams, with great self-control, drew off his men, and despite all his efforts, Cornwallis at last discovered that he was being misled, and turned back once more into the right road. When night fell, Williams and his men, with indescribable alarm, saw lights ahead, and breathed freely only when they found that it was Greene's deserted camp of the day before. Cornwallis, after a brief halt, started again at midnight, and pressed on through forest and over streams, Williams still hanging stubbornly on his flank. In the morning came a messenger from Greene that the wagons were over, and that the troops were crossing, whereupon all Williams's men broke into a loud cheer, heard with much misgiving in the British camp, where they had felt sure of their prey. Still Cornwallis pressed forward faster than ever, and in the late afternoon came another message to Williams that all the American army was over, the men posted and waiting for the gallant light troops who had made their escape possible. Thereupon Williams at once stopped his attacks, spurred forward at full speed, and he and all his men rapidly crossed, while Cornwallis came up close behind only to look at the deep and rapid river which flowed between him and his foe. It appeared after all that the Americans had boats, and, more than this, that Greene

had sent Kosciusko ahead to the ford to prepare earthworks on the other side. Evidently this general was very different from the easy victim of Camden. It was clear that he knew just what he meant to do and was neither to be caught nor fought with at pleasure. Hence much natural perplexity to his opponent. Crossing the river was out of the question. The attempt would have been madness, and could have resulted only in disaster, so Cornwallis, feeling now the loss of his baggage, sullenly withdrew to Hillsborough. He gave out that he had driven the Americans beyond the Dan, which was true, but he omitted to state that he had utterly failed to reach them or to bring on an action. By this masterly retreat, with every contingency accurately and punctually provided for, Greene had won his first victory, for not only had he baffled his enemy and defeated his purpose, but he had his own army in existence and in the field, cheered and inspirited by their success. He also had the country around Cornwallis and to the southward flaming out again into armed resistance, and even while the loyalists were crowding into Hillsborough to rejoice in the presence of the royal army, news came that the American army was again south of the Dan. Suddenly, as the tidings spread, the eager crowd faded away, loyalty cooled, recruits ceased to appear, and Cornwallis wrote, "I am amongst timid friends and adjoining to inveterate rebels." The results of the retreat over the Dan were beginning to appear at once, for a victory is sometimes won in other ways than on the field of battle.

Greene, when he began to retrace his steps, sent Lee and Pickens forward and followed himself with the main army, for he was determined that there should be no loyalist rising and no reinforcements for the British if he could

help it. His detachments under Williams, Lee, and Pickens hung about the British army and swooped down on communications and on loyalist recruits with a sudden and unsparing hand. Pursuing Tarleton, who was out on one of his plundering expeditions, Lee came upon three hundred loyalists marching to join Cornwallis. He did not want to lose his blow at Tarleton, who, only a few miles ahead, was quite unconscious of his presence, and so trusting to the resemblance in uniform, he tried to slip by the Tory companies. He very nearly succeeded, and was fairly in the midst of them when one of the loyalist riflemen detected the trick and fired. There was no help for it; Tarleton must be abandoned. Out came the sabres, and in a few moments ninety of the loyalist militiamen were lying on the field; their commander was desperately wounded, and the rest of the men were racing away for safety in all directions. The destruction of this large body of loyal recruits made enlisting under the crown so unpleasant and unpopular that it ceased in that neighborhood entirely, for there was clearly no use in trying to serve a king who could not give better protection than this to his volunteers.

This little affair illustrated the situation of Cornwallis. He could not get reinforcements, his communications were cut, and to reach supplies and ammunition he would have to go to Wilmington and leave Greene behind. Thus it became absolutely necessary to him to fight a battle. But Greene, disappointed by perverse, well-meaning and ill-acting legislatures, could not get the additional men he so sorely needed, although clamorous messages went speeding forth for them in all directions. He, too, wanted a battle, for he felt that even if he could not win, he could at least cripple the English by a hard fight and

still bring his army off in good order after a defeat. But fight he would not until he had enough men to give him at least a fair chance. So he took up a position between the two streams which fed the Haw River, and then marched about, shifting his camp every night, keeping Cornwallis constantly on the move, and never allowing him to come near enough for anything more than a sharp skirmish. At last the baffled Cornwallis gave over the pursuit and went into camp at Bell's Mills to rest his men, who were beginning to get weary and to desert.

This gave Greene likewise opportunity to rest and recruit his own forces. By the individual exertions of leaders like Stevens and Lawson of Virginia, and Eaton and Butler of North Carolina, militia had finally been raised, and, in the time given by skilful delays, had been gradually joining the American army. Thus strengthened and rested, Greene determined to accept battle, and, on March 14, 1781, he marched to Guilford Court House and took up a position on ground which he had already carefully examined with a view to fighting there. He had now with him forty-two hundred foot, and not quite two hundred cavalry. Of these less than fifteen hundred were regulars. The rest were militia, and Greene was only too well aware that he could place but little dependence upon them against the onset of regulars and veterans. Still he believed that perchance he might win, that at the worst he could only lose the field and have his militia dispersed, and that he was reasonably certain to so damage the enemy that they would be compelled to retreat to Wilmington. On the fifteenth, therefore, he selected his ground and placed his troops with great care. In the first line he put the North Carolina militia; in the second, the

Virginians, also militia, but men who had been under fire, and among whom were many old Continentals; in the third line were the regulars from Maryland and Virginia, but only one regiment, the First Maryland, was composed of veterans. On the right flank were posted Washington and his dragoons and part of the light infantry, and on the left Lee and his light cavalry and the rest of the light infantry, backed by Campbell with some of his King's Mountain riflemen, all veterans and the pick of the army.

Lee, thrown forward on the skirmish line, drove in Tarleton, and then fell back before the main column of the enemy. The British van came in view about one o'clock and Cornwallis opened a sharp cannonade, and then forming his men advanced rapidly. Greene had addressed the North Carolina militia and besought them to give two volleys and then retire; but when they saw the British coming on at a charge, although they apparently fired a first and probably a second volley,* they then broke in wild panic, and, despite all the officers could do, fled in all directions without inflicting the slightest further damage upon the enemy. Now appeared the wisdom of Greene's dispositions. As the British rushed forward, cheering, Washington and Lee fell on their flanks, checked them, and gave the Virginians time to pour in a steady and well-directed fire. The British line was shaken, and men began to drop fast, but the well-disciplined regulars still kept on, while the Virginians gave way on the right, retreating slowly and without panic. The British, now somewhat

* The generally received account is that the North Carolina militia ran without firing a shot, but I think that Judge Schenck, in his history of North Carolina, fairly proves that they were only ordered to fire two volleys, and that they certainly did some effective firing before they broke and fled.

THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

The First Maryland regiment, supported by Washington's dragoons, retaking the field-pieces lost by the Second Maryland.

broken, pushed through on the right and came on the veteran Maryland regiment, which opened a close and destructive fire, and then, charging, drove the British back in confusion. Had Greene dared to throw in his other Continentals at this point he might have won, but this he would not do; for he lacked confidence in the new regiments, and did not intend to risk, in the slightest degree or under any temptation, the loss of his army, which would have followed the dispersion of his regular troops. His foresight was justified, for the Virginian left, having fallen back at last, the British columns again united and before their attack the Second Maryland broke and ran. The first regiment again charged on the advancing British, and at the same moment Washington and his dragoons once more fell upon their flank. Again the British gave way, this time in utter disorder; and Cornwallis, whose horse had been shot under him, seeing the flight of his army, ordered the artillery to open. His officers remonstrated, declaring that he would destroy his own men, but Cornwallis persisted, and the artillery firing through their own ranks checked the American pursuit, thus giving the British time to re-form their broken lines.

Greene, like Cornwallis, well at the front and taking in the whole field, but ignorant as to Lee's whereabouts and fearing that his flanks would be turned, decided at once to take no further risks. He was confident that the enemy had been badly crippled, and being determined not to allow his regulars to suffer further, ordered a retreat. The British attempted to pursue, but were easily repulsed, and Greene, in good order, moved off his whole army, leaving only some guns, the horses of which had been killed. He proceeded as far as Reedy Fork, three miles distant,

waited there quietly for some hours to gather the stragglers, and then marched on and occupied his old camp on Troublesome Creek.

The battle had been stubbornly fought, and the British had suffered severely. Cornwallis had lost, by his own report, 406 killed and wounded and 26 missing, while Greene's information was that the enemy had lost 633, exclusive of officers, among whom the casualties had been exceptionally severe, many of the most conspicuous having been killed or wounded. Over a thousand of the Americans were missing. In other words, the militia had gone home, as Greene said, "to kiss their sweethearts and wives." Five hundred and fifty-two of the North Carolina militia, who had only lost nine men in battle, and 294 of the Virginians, who had fought well, had departed in this quiet and unobtrusive way. But these men could be recovered, and the American loss in killed and wounded was only 163, less than half of that which they had inflicted on the enemy. Greene, moreover, after the fight was over, had his army in high spirits and good condition, ready for further work. Cornwallis, for his part, issued a proclamation announcing a triumph, and when his glowing dispatch reached England, Charles Fox said that "another such victory would destroy the British army." Cornwallis, if judged by his actions and not by his words, took much the same view. Leaving his own and the American wounded on the field, he not only did not pursue his beaten foe, but began an immediate retreat from the scene of his loudly proclaimed victory. Greene, the defeated, started after him, and although holding his short-term militia with great difficulty, the vanquished eagerly pursued the victor, and tried to catch him by the most hurried marches, while the conqueror just

managed to get over the Deep River before the Virginians, finally abandoning Greene, obliged him to desist from the chase. The victorious Cornwallis then went on to Wilmington to refit, and the American General, having lost his battle and won his campaign, took the bold step which marks more than anything else his military capacity, and which finally resulted in his driving the British from the South.

Up to this time Greene had been devoting all his efforts toward making his army, stopping any loyalist rising, and preventing the advance of Cornwallis to the South. In all these objects he had been entirely successful. Cornwallis, with his army much broken, had been forced to retreat to tide water, thus abandoning the State of North Carolina, except where his army camped, and leaving all the rest of the State practically free. An important portion of the British forces in the Southern department, the second division, in fact, under the command of Lord Rawdon, were stationed in South Carolina, and held that State and Georgia firmly, by their presence and by their possession of a chain of fortified posts. With the British forces in this position, two courses were open to Greene at this juncture. One was to follow the line he had hitherto pursued; hover on Cornwallis's flank, cut his communication, isolate him, prevent his advance to the North, and fight him again as soon as he could sufficiently recruit his army. This was the safe and obvious plan in conformity with the original purpose for which Greene and his army were intended, and it would have been difficult to have criticised him if he had adopted it. The alternative course was bold and hazardous, but pregnant with the possibility of much greater and more decisive results. This

second plan was to give over all thought of checking Cornwallis's northern movement and by marching boldly to the southward, thrust himself between the main army and the Southern division, and then attack the latter and their posts. From this course of action, as Greene wrote, one of two results must come. North Carolina was free, was too difficult a country, and too sparsely settled, to invite further attack from the British, who had been forced down to the coast. Cornwallis therefore, either would have to march on to the North, leaving Greene free to break up the British posts and drive the enemy from South Carolina and Georgia, or he would be compelled to follow Greene, in which case the British campaign would have failed, and the war be narrowed to the two southernmost States, with the North to draw upon for men and supplies. It is true that Virginia was in Greene's department, and that by marching South, he would leave it open to the enemy, but Virginia was the most populous and one of the strongest of the States, with no loyalist element, as in the Carolinas, and able to make, unaided, a formidable defence. Moreover, every step that Cornwallis took to the North brought him nearer to the principal American army under Washington, now reinforced by the French troops.

Greene, having decided on his new movement and upon this daring change in the plan of campaign, acted quickly, so quickly indeed that he was out of Cornwallis's reach before the British knew what he was intending to do. April 2d he bade farewell to his home-loving militia, and on the 6th, after detaching Lee to join Marion and assail Lord Rawdon's communications with Charleston, he began his movement to the South. His objective point was

Camden, and thither he directed his march, halting that night and making his camp at Hobkirk's Hill, less than two miles from the enemy's works. His antagonist, Lord Rawdon, was a bold and enterprising officer. Hearing of the near approach of Greene, and learning from a deserter that Sumter had not come up, and that the artillery had not arrived, he determined to surprise the Americans. He therefore marched out early on the morning of April 7th with this end in view, but, unluckily for him, Greene was never in a condition to be surprised. He had his men encamped in order of battle, with a strong picket line, and it was this characteristic and sleepless watchfulness which now saved him, for he had not anticipated an attack the very morning after he had crossed the border. Lord Rawdon's prompt movement was unexpected, and would have been much more disastrous had it not been for Greene's arrangements. As it was, his excellent picket-line fell back slowly, skirmishing heavily and delaying the enemy's advance, which gave time to form the American army. The opposing forces were pretty nearly matched, Greene having about fourteen hundred men and Rawdon about a thousand, but the advantage in equipment, discipline, and experience was with the British. The attack was made with rapidity and vigor, the British charging boldly up the low slopes of the hill. Greene watching keenly, saw that the enemy's front was narrow and gave orders to extend his lines, but Lord Rawdon was too quick and threw out his reserves before either Ford or Campbell could reach his flanks. In the centre the Marylanders, who had fought so admirably at Guilford, got into confusion in one company, and then badly handled by their commander, Colonel Gunby, began to

retreat just at the critical moment when they were actually piercing the enemy's line, and when Greene thought that victory was in his grasp. This sudden and unexpected misfortune compromised the whole position; and Greene, with the self-control and quick decision which saved his campaign on so many occasions, determined to take no further risk and withdrew his men in good order. There was a sharp fight over the artillery, but Washington, who had been delayed and entangled in the woods, coming up with his dragoons, charged vigorously, and the Americans brought off all the guns. The American loss in killed, wounded, and missing appears to have been two hundred and seventy-one, the British two hundred and fifty-eight, but the proportion of killed and wounded was heavier with the latter than with the former.

Saved by his unresting vigilance from a surprise, but defeated in battle by the utterly unexpected blundering of an experienced officer, Greene was sorely depressed by the result at Hobkirk's Hill. Yet he made no sign. With the same dogged persistence as when he outmarched Cornwallis he withdrew to Rugely Mills, and despite the usual heart-breaking disappointments in getting reinforcements, he reposed and recruited his army, and then moved out again and once more threatened Camden.

Lee and Marion, who had been sent forward when Greene quitted North Carolina, had failed to intercept Watson, who joined the main army on May 7th. Thus reinforced, Rawdon left Camden and started again after Greene, intending to pass him on the flank and attack him in the rear. But although Rawdon was enterprising and quick, he was no match for Greene when it came to manœuvring. Greene moved off in such a manner as to de-

THE BATTLE OF HOBKIRK'S HILL.

Charge of Colonel Washington's cavalry against the British right flank to cover the American retreat.

feat Rawdon's plan, and then took up a strong position which the British looked at and feared to attack. Unable to bring Greene to action, except on ground of his own choosing, Rawdon's position became untenable; for while Greene threatened him on the flank, Lee and Marion were menacing his communications and his fortified posts, especially Fort Motte. Thus forced by his opponent's movements, Rawdon, on May 10th, evacuated Camden, leaving his wounded behind him, and withdrew to Monks Corner, only thirty miles from Charleston. Like Cornwallis, he had been compelled to retreat to the seaboard and leave the interior of the State free to the operations of the American army. Again Greene, by his strategy and by the manner in which he manœuvred his army and disposed his outlying detachments, had forced the British to retreat. Again he had lost a battle and won a campaign.

Now began to appear the results of the bold movement to the South in more substantial form than the retreat of the English army to the seaboard. "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again," wrote Greene to the French minister, and now the "fighting again" had fairly begun. Lee and Marion had failed to stop Watson on his way to Lord Rawdon, but they besieged the fort which bore the former's name, and took it on April 27th. May 10th Camden was evacuated, and Greene marched in and levelled the works. After this, events moved fast, the second part of Greene's campaign, involving the destruction of the British posts, having now fairly opened. Very precious among these posts was Fort Motte, and one motive of Lord Rawdon's hasty retreat was to save this particular place. On May 12th, so quickly did he move, his campfires were seen by the Americans on the opposite side of

the Congaree. But with all his effort, he was too late, arriving only in time to see the Americans set fire to the Motte house, in the centre of the stockade, with burning arrows, provided by Mrs. Motte herself, and thereupon the surrender of the post and the garrison. The day before the fall of Fort Motte, Sumter had taken Orangeburg; on the 14th, Neilson's Ferry was evacuated, and on the 15th, after a sharp attack, Lee took Fort Granby and captured the garrison. In less than a month from the day when he reached Camden, Greene had occupied that town, forced back the main British army to the coast, and by his well-led and well-directed detachments, had taken four posts and compelled the abandonment of two more. The British grip on the Carolinas was being rudely broken, and the States which they had believed firmly within their power, were slipping rapidly away from them. North Carolina was free, and South Carolina nearly cleared of the enemy. Georgia, the first to fall into the hands of the British, the most strongly held and remote enough from the camp on the Pedee, where Greene withdrew at the beginning to rest and gather his army, and whence he set forth upon his campaign, still remained in the control of the enemy. To Georgia, therefore, Lee directed his march after the fall of Fort Granby, and capturing a small post on his way, joined Pickens in the siege of Augusta on May 21st. The town was well defended by two strong works, Fort Cornwallis and Fort Grierson. While Pickens attacked the former, Lee besieged the latter. Driven from Fort Grierson, the garrison undertook to withdraw to Fort Cornwallis, and were nearly all killed or captured in the attempt. The whole American force then concentrated their attack on the remaining fort, which

was the larger and more formidable of the two. There was a strong garrison within its walls, consisting in part of some of England's Indian auxiliaries, and both the red and white soldiers of the Crown fought gallantly and well. They made several fierce sallies and met the besiegers obstinately at every point. But the Americans, with equal obstinacy, drew their lines closer and closer. They mounted their one gun on a log tower devised at Fort Watson by Lieutenant-Colonel Mayham, and by this bit of American invention were able to use their extremely limited artillery with great effect. At the same time the riflemen covered every point of the fort, and picked off the garrison with unerring aim. Steadily the Americans pushed nearer, until at last all was ready for an assault upon the now broken works. Then, at last, the garrison, which had suffered severely, surrendered after their long and stubborn defence, and Augusta and all its brave defenders passed into the hands of the Americans.

Meantime Greene had directed his own course with the main army against Ninety-six, about twenty-five miles from Augusta, and the strongest British post in the South. It was now held by Colonel Cruger with five hundred men, and was a well-fortified place of great strength. Greene made the mistake of opening his trenches too close to the fort, within seventy yards, and was forced to withdraw and begin again at a distance of four hundred yards. Time was thus lost, but although Greene, weakened by his detachments, which had been so well employed and by the customary failure of the militia to come in when expected, had only a thousand men, the besiegers' lines were pushed vigorously and rapidly. June 8th, Lee arrived from Augusta, and was assigned to the siege of the outlying stockade, which

protected the water-supply of the besieged, and the evacuation of which he forced on the 17th. Cruger and his men were now helpless, their works were swept by the American fire, and in two or three days the place must have surrendered unconditionally. But Lord Rawdon was determined that so large a detachment as that in Ninety-six should not be sacrificed, and with his army refreshed and strengthened, he started from Charleston on June 7th, just when Lee was leaving Augusta. Greene heard of his coming, and knew by the 18th that Rawdon had eluded Sumter, who was not behaving well in a subordinate position, and was within two or three days' march of Ninety-six. The advancing British army, now drawing near so rapidly, outnumbered the Americans more than two to one, and it was plainly impossible to give them battle. Greene, therefore, impelled by the eager desire of his men, determined to try an assault, which was delivered with the utmost gallantry. Lee on the right was successful, but the main attack was repulsed after some very savage fighting, which cost the Americans one hundred and eighty-five men in killed and wounded. After this failure, there was no alternative left, and Greene, bitterly disappointed, raised the siege and withdrew. The British army marched into Ninety-six on June 21st, and then went after Greene, who, too weak to meet them in the field, easily eluded their pursuit and kept out of the way, until Lord Rawdon, his men being utterly exhausted, abandoned the chase. This done, Greene resorted to his usual tactics. Unable to meet his adversary in the open field he wrote "that he should endeavor to oblige the British to evacuate Ninety-six and to manœuvre them down into the lower country." As he planned, so it fell out. Before his skilful move-

ments Rawdon once more found himself unable to either fight or hold his ground. Dividing his army he evacuated Ninety-six, and in two columns took his way to Charleston, carrying with him into exile the unhappy loyalists who dared not remain now that the British post was abandoned. The whole region, in fact, commanded by the strong detachment at Ninety-six, was once again in American control, and the British, again forced from the interior, were pushed back to the seaboard where they could get support from their ships.

After Rawdon had retreated, Greene withdrew his army to the hills of the Santee to rest and recruit during the extreme heat of the summer; but the withdrawal of the main army did not stop the fighting. Lee, Marion, Sumter and the commanders of detachments under Greene's direction followed the retreating British troops and skirmished actively with the rear guards of Rawdon and Cruger. They swept down even to the picket lines at Charleston, destroyed ships in the Cooper River, in a series of small actions cut off and routed several outlying parties of the enemy, and made prisoners to the number of seven officers and a hundred and fifty men. Throughout the region from which the British had been driven, civil war of the most intense kind raged, the American loyalist fighting with the American patriot, brother with brother, and kinsman with kinsman. The fate of the loyalists was in truth pitiable. Those who had followed the English army to Charleston, suffered there from disease, bad quarters, and bad food. Those who remained behind were left exposed to the attacks of their fellow-Americans whom they had helped to persecute in the brief days of British ascendancy. The British themselves,

unable to protect their supporters, made matters worse by proclamations, confiscations of property within their reach, brutality to prisoners, and occasional hangings, which culminated in the execution of Colonel Hayne, a prisoner of war, after a mere mockery of a trial. The hanging of Hayne filled Greene with wrath and he threatened immediate reprisals, which put a stop to the executions of any more American prisoners, but the people were not so temperate. They not only threatened reprisals, but made them. Greene, at once strong and merciful, could not restrain the Americans beyond the lines of his camp, and the British made no effort to hold back their allies. On the one side were the patriots or Whigs, as they called themselves, returning to their homes, too often mere heaps of ashes; embittered by a sense of many wrongs, exultant and confident, inflamed by the hangings at Charleston and thirsting for revenge. On the other side were the loyalists, deserted by the royal army, inspired by hatred of their antagonists, and utterly desperate. The result was that the State was filled with partisan fighting, with much burning and plundering, and not a few bloody deeds. The English policy of encouraging a local civil war and of giving the people she sought to retain as subjects no choice but to fight against their country or go to ruin, prison, and death, bore bitter fruit in South Carolina and Georgia during that summer of 1781.

While Greene, in the midst of all this wild fighting, was resting and drilling his army and slowly drawing in reinforcements to his well-ordered camp among the cool hills of Santee, his late opponent, Lord Rawdon, in order to repair his broken health, took ship for England, only

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

The British centre breaking before the charge of the Virginia and Maryland regiments.

to fall into the hands of the French. He was succeeded in the command at Charleston by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who, in the latter part of August, moved out with about 2,300 men, and marched to the junction of the Congaree and Wataree, where he encamped. Informed as to the enemy's movements, Greene also moved out on August 22d, and, making a wide circuit, marched toward Stewart, whose communications were threatened by detachments sent forward by Greene, and who was forced to fall back to Eutaw Springs. On September 7th Greene was at Burdell's plantation, within easy striking distance, and here he was joined by Marion, who had just routed a party of three hundred Hessians and British, inflicting a loss of over a hundred, and breaking them completely. Good news this to come to the army, for Greene had determined this time to attack, although he had no more men than his antagonist. Stewart, moreover, had posted his men in a very strong position, and was so confident that, had it not been for two deserters, he would have been surprised. As it was, he had just time to make his arrangements the next morning, before the Americans were upon him. His cavalry, sent forward under Coffin, were cut to pieces, and the Americans, formed by Greene in two columns, came on rapidly and unflinchingly. This time the militia fought well. The North Carolinians fired seventeen rounds before they gave way, and, when they fell back, the Virginians and the men of Maryland rushed promptly into their places. Twice the steady British lines repelled the assault, but, as they became disordered by their success, Greene saw that the critical moment had come and put in his Continentals. With a fierce bayonet charge, the men in buff and blue broke through the Brit-

ish centre, while Lee flanked the enemy on the left. The rout seemed complete, the victors poured into the British camp, carrying all before them, and, then, forgetting the bonds of discipline, scattered in every direction to seek plunder and drink. It was a fatal error, and only Greene's coolness and the steadiness of his best troops prevented his victory from being turned into utter disaster. The retreating British had flung themselves into a brick house which stood in the centre of the camp, and poured from this vantage-ground a galling and deadly fire upon their assailants. Meantime the right wing of the British held their ground, and repulsed the American attack with a heavy slaughter. Lee also had got separated from the main line, and the Americans, scattered and dispersed, were suffering heavily in all directions. Greene saw that his position was fatally compromised. With great difficulty and supreme exertion he re-formed his lines and got the army again in order of battle. But the complete victory which he had won by his first attack had slipped from him through the failure in discipline of his men when they believed that the field was theirs. His soldiers were exhausted, and he decided, as he had so often, with stern self-control, decided before, that he must not hazard the existence of the army, no matter how glittering the prize of a possible victory. Reluctantly he gave the word to retreat, and with nearly five hundred prisoners he withdrew to the plantation he had left in the morning, confident only that he had crippled his opponent and would force him to retreat to Charleston. It had been a hard-fought fight. The Americans had lost, in killed and wounded, four hundred and eight; the British, four hundred and thirty-three, and at least as many more in prison-

ers. Stewart, as Greene had anticipated, was obliged to retreat, and marched back to Charleston, leaving seventy of his wounded to the Americans. At Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, Greene had lost his battle and won his campaign. At Eutaw he had fought a drawn battle, but he had broken Stewart, as he did Cornwallis, and once more had won his campaign. The British had come out in the open, made a hard fight and been obliged to return to the seashore. They had failed once more to break the American army, they had failed to hold the country beyond the reach of tide-water and of their garrisoned town. This was defeat, for the loyalists could not sustain themselves alone, and, with the British shut up in Charleston, the States of the South were in control of the Americans, as New York and New Jersey were in the North.

Marion and Lee followed Stewart's retreating army to Charleston, harassing his march and cutting off stragglers and detached bodies of troops, while Greene, his main purpose effected, withdrew again to the high hills to rest and gather reinforcements. Recruits were slow in coming in, and the enemy made a raid into North Carolina which revived partisan warfare in that State. But the movement was only sporadic. Yorktown fell, Virginia was cleared of the enemy, North Carolina was also free, and Wilmington was evacuated. The surrender of Cornwallis enabled Washington to send Wayne, with the Pennsylvanians, to the Southern army, and thus encouraged by the welcome tidings from the North, Greene took the field on November 18th and marched against the enemy. Leaving the main army to pursue Stewart, he went himself with a small detachment of picked troops, drove back a strong but detached British division to Charleston, and

thus forced Stewart to retreat to the city, where the greatest alarm prevailed. Having thus again confined the enemy to Charleston, Greene encamped at the Round O, in a strong position, and held the British, who outnumbered him five to one, in check within the Charleston lines.

St. Clair and Wayne arrived with the Pennsylvanians as the year was closing, and early in January, 1782, Greene detached the latter with five hundred men to operate in Georgia. Wayne was, as ever, bold and enterprising. He re-established the State government, and, although very inferior in numbers, he harassed the British and kept them cooped up in Savannah. In April he cut off a detachment of the enemy which had gone out to rouse the Indians, and a little later he repelled a night attack made by the Indians themselves, their chief and the British guides all falling in the dark and murderous conflict. Too weak still to attack, Wayne circled about Savannah, keeping the garrison hemmed in, until, on July 11th, the city was evacuated and Georgia passed finally into the hands of the Americans.

The war was now practically over. There were a few skirmishes, in one of which John Laurens fell, young, gallant, leading a charge and giving his life uselessly when his country's victory was won. But these affairs had no real importance. Greene held the field and watched his foe, while the British remained clinging helplessly to Charleston, and, despite their superiority of numbers, unable to do anything against their vigilant enemy. Slowly another year rolled round, and, finally, on December 14th, the British evacuated Charleston, and Greene's soldiers marched in on the very heels of their departing foes and posted themselves at the State House. At three o'clock Greene himself,

THE EVACUATION OF CHARLESTON BY THE BRITISH, DECEMBER 14, 1782.

escorted by Lee's famous cavalry, rode in with his officers and with the Governor of South Carolina, restored at last to his capital. Outside lay the English fleet, now spreading their sails and dropping down to the sea to carry the English army back across the Atlantic. As Greene passed along the streets the crowds welcomed him with cheers, cast wreaths from the windows, and cried to God to bless him. So it is well to leave him in the sunshine and the flowers, with the light of a great triumph radiant upon him. The patient, brave, enduring, often defeated, but never conquered, man, the hard-fighting soldier, the keen strategist, had come to his reward at last. His work was done and well done. He passed out of the sunshine of victory to die all too early among the people for whom he had fought, leaving the memory of his deeds of war as his last memory, untouched by any of the trials and differences which the coming years of political strife brought to so many of his comrades in arms.

No outline of Greene's campaign can do full justice to him and to his army. There is no great dramatic moment when he arose at once triumphant to the complete victory at which he aimed. From the day when he took command of a beaten army at Charlotte to that other day, two years later, when he rode victorious into Charleston, he had been laboring incessantly with the single purpose of pressing the British back to the sea and setting free the Southern States. The forces under his command had fought four pitched battles. Morgan won at the Cowpens, and Greene was defeated at Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, and had fought a drawn battle at Eutaw. Judged merely by this statement of his battles, one would call him an unsuccessful General, and yet he was steadily

victorious. By his detachments under the really brilliant leadership of Marion, Lee, and Sumter, of Williams and Washington and the rest, by his masterly retreats and equally masterly strategy, he held his army together with grim tenacity, and surely and steadily forced the British back before an advance not always apparent but as resistless as the incoming tide, which seems never to gain and yet ever rises higher and higher. And always behind and hand in hand with the operations in the field went on continually the grinding, harassing work of making and remaking his army, shifting perpetually under the wretched system of short enlistments. In the North, miserable as the arrangements were, the army was near Congress, they were supplied by contract, they were in the most settled parts of the country, and the loyalists there were generally few and weak. Greene fought through a country where a large part of the native population was in arms against him, and where it was often difficult to distinguish friend from foe. He had no contracts, but was obliged to rely on the changeable, well-meaning, but often weak and ill-informed, State governments. There was never a moment when he was not short of men, money, ammunition, and supplies, and when he was not writing, supplicating, demanding all these things, and but rarely obtaining them. Under these conditions, aided by his singularly gallant and enterprising officers, and by the picked fighting men of the South, whom he gradually gathered round him, he came to a complete victory. Steadily he out-generalled, outmarched, and, in the long run, out-fought his opponents. Slowly and surely he narrowed the enemy's field of opertions and forced the English to the coast. Gradually the three States which the British had overrun so rapidly and

triumphantly passed from their control, and the loyalist support withered away before the advance of Greene's army and the sweeping raids of his lieutenants. So the end came with a victory as complete as the patient labor, the unresting energy, and the keen intelligence which made it possible. A fine piece of soldier's work, very nobly and ably done, and deserving of great praise and remembrance from all those who call Greene and his army countrymen. Wayne, who watched by the death-bed of Greene, wrote when the end came, "He was great as a soldier, great as a citizen, immaculate as a friend. The honors—the greatest honors—of war are due his remains. Pardon this scrawl. My feelings are but too much affected because I have seen a great and good man die."

So, with the simple words of the comrade who fought by his side, we may leave the victor of the campaign which carried the American Revolution to triumph in the South.

CHAPTER VI

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE

1779–1781

AS the year 1778 was closing, the scene of action was shifted from the North to the South. All eyes at the time were fixed on the events which began with the appearance of the British in Georgia, and, so far as this period of the war is concerned, the habit has continued, in large measure, down to the present day. Thus it happens that these two years in the North, in the Congress and the camp, as well as over seas, are less well known, less rightly valued than any other part of the Revolutionary War. That this should be so was, at the time, wholly natural. The fall of Savannah, and its subsequent defence against the French and Americans, the capture of Charleston, the rapid success of the British arms, the defeat of Gates, the gradual development and hard fighting of Greene's great campaign, all drew the attention and filled the minds of men everywhere. Yet, important as these events were, the vital point still remained where Washington and his army watched the Hudson and kept the enemy pinioned in New York. If that army had failed or dissolved, the English forces would have swept down from the North to meet their brethren in the South, and nothing then could have saved Greene; for the one primary condi-

tion of his campaign was that no British soldiers should come from the North to break his communications, cut off his supplies, and take him in the rear. None came from the North and none could come. With a singleness of purpose and a strategical soundness which have never been fully appreciated, Washington clung to the central zone of the Middle States. Whatever happened, he was determined that the British should never get the line of the Hudson and divide New England—whence he drew most of his troops—from the great Middle Colonies. Neither Burgoyne on the North, nor Cornwallis on the South, could draw him from his position. Attacks on the extremities he knew were not deadly, and he felt sure that they could be repulsed; but if the centre was once pierced, then dire peril was at hand. So long as he kept an army together and the line of the Hudson open, so long as he could move at will, either eastward into New England or southward into Virginia, he knew that the ultimate success of the Revolution was merely a question of time. The period of active fighting in the North was over; that of waiting—dreary, trying, monotonous waiting—had set in, and it lasted until the moment for which Washington was watching arrived—the great moment when a decisive stroke could be given which would end the war. Two years the waiting and watching went on—years of patience, suffering, and trial. Nothing was done that led straight to anything—nothing but the holding fast which was to bring the final victory.

Very hard to understand now was the victory thus achieved by keeping the army in existence and the Revolution alive during that time of sullen, dogged waiting. Everywhere were visible signs of exhaustion, of longings

to have done with the business before it was really finished. Over seas the symptoms of fatigue were painfully apparent. England, as has always been the case when she is sore bested—and never was she in worse plight than then—was making a bold front to the enemies who ringed her round. She was suffering enormously. American war-ships and privateers were tearing her commerce to pieces. Her naval prestige was hurt to the quick by John Paul Jones taking the Serapis in a hand-to-hand fight and circling Great Britain with his cruisers, wrecking and pillaging on land and sea. A race of seamen as bold and hardy as her own, flying the flag of her revolted Colonies, swarmed along the highways of her commerce, and even in the English Channel were seizing her merchantmen and crippling her trade. Insurance rates rose ruinously, and English merchants faced losses which they would have deemed impossible five years before. France and Spain had both gone to war with her, threatened her coasts, employed her fleets, and soon beleaguered her great sentinel fortress at Gibraltar. Wherever her vast possessions extended, wherever her drum-beat was heard, there was war; in the Indian Ocean, as well as in the Antilles, no colony was safe, and there was no Pitt now to guide the forces as in the days when she humbled the power of the House of Bourbon. But England set her teeth and would not yet cry hold. Her European enemies were suffering, too, and worse than she, for they were both unsound within, politically and financially. In France the disease which the monarchy had engendered and which the Revolution alone could cure was already deeply felt. France was beginning to long for rest, and, despite her early energy in the American cause, she was ready to sacrifice that cause to her own interests at

any moment. France desired peace—an ill omen for America, with its Revolution only half fought out. With the ally of France the condition was even worse. Spain was corrupt, broken, rotten to the core, merely hiding her decrepitude under the mask of an empire which had once been great. Dragged into the war by France, she had no love whatever for the Americans—desired only to prey upon them and gather in what she could from the wreck of the British Empire. She, too, was feeling the strain of war; exhaustion was upon her, and she, too, longed for peace.

In such a situation, amid these powers of the Old World, occupied only with their own interests and enfeebled by their own maladies, the fortunes of the young nation struggling painfully into life on the other side of the Atlantic were in sufficiently evil case. The work of saving them fell heavily upon the envoys of Congress, manfully battling for their cause abroad in the midst of these adverse and selfish forces. But help came to them and to the Revolution, as it had come to the American armies so often, from the blunders of their adversary. Instead of trying to conciliate, England grew more and more offensive to all the neutral powers, and especially to those which were weak. She seized and searched their ships, interfered with their trade, and assumed to exercise an arrogant control over all their commerce. Hence protracted bickerings, protocols, notes, and all the machinery of diplomacy put into violent action, with much running hither and thither of eminent persons, and much speeding about of dusty couriers riding post-haste with despatches. It is very difficult and not very profitable to follow these performances with their turns and windings and futilities of all sorts. But out of

these dim and confused discussions came two results of genuine importance to the world of that day, and particularly to the American Revolution. One was the neutrality of the Northern powers, headed by Russia and her redoubtable Empress, aimed against England, and very troublesome and crippling to the latter in the days of a conflict which had grown world-wide. The other result of real importance and meaning was England's making war upon the Dutch. This was pure aggression, born of a desire to break down a power once formidable as a rival and still a competitor in trade. The Dutch were innocent enough, their only real crime having been a refusal to become England's ally But whether they were innocent or guilty was of no consequence, and England made war upon them. She dealt a last fatal blow to the nation which had shattered the power of Spain, played an equal part among the great states of Europe, and given to England herself the one great man among her modern kings. Holland sank eventually under the attack; but England added one more foe to those who now surrounded her in her "splendid isolation," and she threw open to her revolted colonies another money-market rich in capital, which went forth in loans to the Americans, quick enough to take advantage of such an opportunity.

In the United States in 1779 the same relaxation of energy was apparent. Congress passed the winter and spring in long debates as to the terms of peace. Gerard, the French Minister, was active among the members, urging them to accept conditions which involved every sort of sacrifice, largely for the benefit of Spain. So eager indeed, was the desire for peace that a strong party in Congress backed up all the wishes of the French envoy. At

one time it looked as if the navigation of the Mississippi might be given up, and the great Northeastern fisheries were actually abandoned. Finally Congress evaded both issues by resolving to send an envoy to Spain, for which post John Jay was chosen, and meantime to insist on the navigation of the Mississippi, while the matter of the fisheries was put over to a future treaty with Great Britain. In other respects the instructions were weak, with a plaintive desire to bring the war to an end at almost any price running all through them.

So Congress spent most of its time and strength in discussing the means of getting peace when the war was not yet fought out, and did little or nothing to sustain that war which was flagrant about it. Thirty thousand men at least were needed for any effective movement against New York, and the army was not a third of that number, and was dwindling instead of growing. Washington came to Philadelphia and passed a month there with Congress, urging, reasoning, explaining, beginning now to press for better union and a strong central Government. Then he went back to the camp to continue the urgings and reasonings and stern advice on many subjects by letter. Not until March did Congress even vote additional battalions, and although this was well, voting men was by no means the same thing as getting them. The finances also were in frightful disorder. Many great wars, perhaps most of them, have been fought on irredeemable paper currency, and it is no doubt true that this was probably the quickest, if not the only resource of Congress at the beginning. But to fight on paper money alone, to raise no money by taxation, in fact to get no money at all from the people was an impossible scheme. Yet this was precisely what Con-

gress attempted to do, and they had no other supply to look to except foreign loans which were uncertain and insufficient. So one emission of bills succeeded another, and the Continental money sank rapidly, while speculators and forestallers throve on the disorders of the currency, and the Government, poor though it might be, was robbed and plundered. The popular spirit relaxed its temper, encouraged thereto by the foreign alliances and disheartened by the domestic disorders, as well as by the greed of those who amassed fortunes from the fluctuations of prices and fattened on the public distress. It looked as if the American Revolution, rising victorious on the field of battle, might sink and wither away under the poison of civil disorder and social debility.

Bad as all these things were in their effect upon the American cause and upon the people themselves, the actual personal suffering fell to the lot of the army by whose existence the Revolution was sustained. Officers and men went unpaid for long periods, and when they received their pay it was in a paper currency which depreciated in their hands even before they could spend it or send it to their families. Hence great difficulty in holding the army together, and still greater difficulty in recruiting it. With lack of pay went lack of every provision and munition of war, and, as a consequence, ill-clothed, ill-armed, ill-fed soldiers. In the midst of these grinding cares and trials stood Washington, with the problem of existence always at his door, with the great duty of success ever present at his side, and with only the patriotism of his men and his own grim courage and tenacity of purpose to support him. Under the pressure of hard facts one plan after another had to be given up. A vigorous offensive cam-

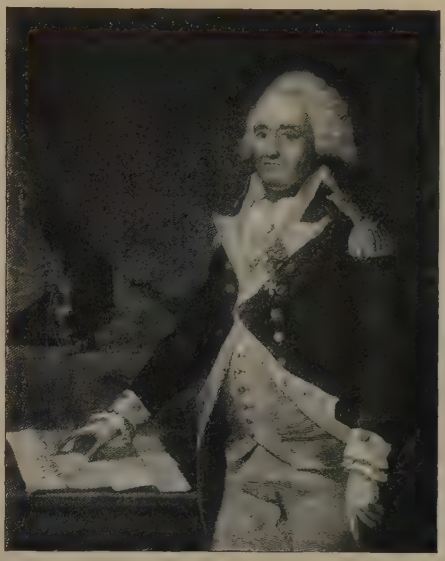
paign which would drive the British from the country was impossible. The next best thing was to keep them shut up where they were, and to hold fast, as had so wisely and steadily been done, to the central position in the valley of the Hudson, at the mouth of the great river whence blows could be struck hard and quickly either in New England or the Middle States, which must never be separated, no matter what happened. So Washington resumed perforce the defensive and watched and waited: to much purpose, as it in due course appeared, for the British seemed unable to make any effective movement, and lay cooped up in New York close to their ships, with their vigilant foe always hovering near. Not until Washington could get an efficient army and the command of the sea would he be able to strike a fatal blow, and no man could tell when those conditions would come to pass. The silent General knew just what he needed, and equally well that he had it not. So he waited, unable to attack and ready to fight. The test of endurance had begun.

The British on their side displayed activity only in spasmodic dashes here and there, of little meaning and petty results. General Matthews, with 2,500 men, went to Virginia, made a burning, pillaging raid, destroyed a certain number of houses and tobacco ships, and came back with his futilities to New York. Tryon, once royal Governor of New York, led another expedition of 2,600 men into Connecticut. Here, as in Virginia, burning and pillaging and some sharp skirmishes with militia, who managed to leave their marks on the King's troops. Villages, churches, houses, vessels, went up in smoke. A black trail marked the line followed by Tryon's raiders, and then he likewise returned to New York as empty in

solid results as Matthews, and with a certain amount of destroyed property and increased hatred from the Americans to his credit.

The worthlessness of these performances and the utter uselessness of such plundering forays were quite apparent to Washington, and, except for the suffering of the people upon whom they fell, troubled him little. But there was another movement of the enemy which awakened his keenest interest, because in it he saw possibilities of real danger. Clinton, after the return of Matthews, had gone up the river and taken possession of Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, driving off the Americans and securing in this way control of Kings Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey. Here was something which looked as if it had meaning. Perhaps an idea had come to Clinton, and possibly he was intending to master the Hudson Valley by building a line of formidable posts along the river. Certain it was that he had put a force of five hundred men at Stony Point, and was actively completing and strengthening the works there. If Clinton had any plan of this perilous sort it must be nipped at the start. No British posts must be advanced to the north to endanger the American stronghold at West Point, which dominated and closed the river. So Washington decided to take Stony Point, and, as was his habit, chose the best man for the work, because in a desperate undertaking like this everything depended on the leader. His choice fell on Anthony Wayne, then a Brigadier-General and one of Washington's favorite officers. Wayne came of fighting stock. His grandfather, a Yorkshireman, nearly a century before had gone to Ireland, where he commanded a company of dragoons under Will-

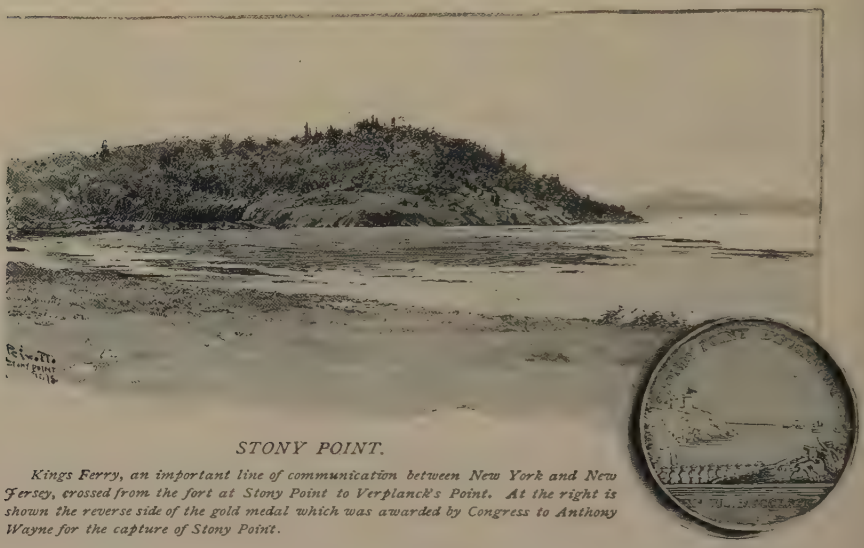
iam of Orange at the battle of the Boyne. From Ireland he had immigrated to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and there his grandson was born in 1745. The family was in easy circumstances, and the boy received a good education, became a surveyor, and was trusted in important business by Franklin and other leading men of Philadelphia. He took an eager interest and active part in politics, but when the note of war came the spirit of the old Captain of dragoons who had followed Dutch William blazed up again in the young American. He went at once into the army, and from that time forward he was constantly in the field. On the Northern frontier, in New York and New Jersey, and in the campaign about Philadelphia, Wayne, who had risen rapidly to general's rank, was always in the heat of every action. "Wherever there is fighting there is Wayne, for that is his business," was said of him at the time, and said most truly. He was always fighting with great dash, courage, and success, and extricating himself by his quickness and intrepidity from the dangers into which his reckless daring sometimes led him. "Black Snake" the Indians called him then, and many years later, when he had beaten them under the walls of an English post in very complete



ANTHONY WAYNE.

From an unpublished portrait by Henry Elouiz, 1795. Reproduced by permission of C. S. Bradford, Esq.

and memorable fashion, they named him "Tornado." He was fine-looking, soldierly, a great stickler for handsome dress and perfect equipment, so much so that some of the officers christened him "Dandy Wayne;" but the men who loved and followed him called him "Mad Anthony," and the popular name has clung to him in history. Such was the man whom Washington picked out for the peril-



STONY POINT.

Kings Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey, crossed from the fort at Stony Point to Verplanck's Point. At the right is shown the reverse side of the gold medal which was awarded by Congress to Anthony Wayne for the capture of Stony Point.

ous task he wanted to have performed. Tradition says that when Washington asked Wayne if he would storm Stony Point, Wayne replied, "I will storm hell if you will plan it." A very honest bit of genuine speech this; quite instructive, too, in its way, and worth the consideration of the modern critic who doubts Washington's military capacity, in which the man who risked his life upon it had entire confidence.

At all events so it fell out. Washington planned and Wayne stormed, carrying out his chief's arrangements to

the letter. By this time Stony Point had been strongly fortified, and the approach was difficult. On July 15th, at noon, Wayne and his troops left Sandy Beach and made their way through the mountains by a hard march along gorges and over swamps, until, at eight o'clock in the evening, they were in the rear of the fort and within a mile and a half of the works. Here they rested, and made ready for the assault which was to take place at midnight. Wayne divided his force into two columns—one under Colonel Febiger on the right, the other under Colonel Butler on the left. At the extremity of each wing was a storming party of a hundred to a hundred and fifty men, who had volunteered for the duty and who marched with unloaded muskets, trusting wholly to the bayonet, while at the head of each storming party was a forlorn hope of twenty men. The reserve was composed of Lee's Light Horse, and three hundred men under General Muhlenburg constituted the covering party. Not until the lines were formed did Wayne tell his men the errand on which they had come. Then, in accordance with Washington's direction, each man fixed a piece of white paper in his cap, and the watchword "The Fort is Ours" was given out. All was quickly done, for every detail had been accurately arranged, and as soon as the columns were formed they moved rapidly forward. Major Murfree and his North Carolinians in the centre were delayed by the tide in crossing the morass, and as they came through they met an outpost. The alarm was given and a heavy fire of grapeshot and musketry opened upon them. On they went without a pause, as if they were the only troops on the field, and every other column and division did the same. Wayne himself led the right wing. As he crossed the abatis a musket-ball

struck him on the head, bringing him down and wounding him slightly. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward. The rush of the well-directed columns was irresistible. So swift and steady was the movement that they passed the abatis and went up and over the breastworks without check or hesitation. All was finished in a few minutes. Some heavy firing from the works, a short sharp rush, a clash and push of bayonets in the darkness, and the Americans poured into the fort. They lost 98 men in killed and wounded, the British 94, while practically all the rest of the garrison, to the number of 25 officers and 447 men, were taken prisoners. All the guns and munitions of war, valued at nearly $160,000, fell into the hands of the victors, who, having won their fight in very complete fashion, levelled the works and withdrew. Soon afterward Clinton again occupied the Point, but only to abandon it finally in the autumn. The plan of taking possession of the Hudson by a series of fortified posts, if seriously intended, had been peremptorily stopped, and a sudden disaster had come to the British. It was a very gallant feat of arms, admirably planned, and bravely, punctually, and accurately performed. The unsteadiness of the Brandywine and of Germantown had disappeared, and the discipline of Valley Forge was very plain here to the eyes of all mankind. The men who had fought behind intrenchments at Bunker Hill had been made into soldiers able to assault works held by the best troops of England. The raw material was good to start with, and someone aided by experience had evidently been at work upon it.

THE CAPTURE OF STONY POINT BY WAYNE.

As Wayne was crossing the abatis a musket-ball struck him on the head. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward.

A month later the Americans were still further encouraged by another daring exploit. This time the leader was Major Harry Lee, of the Light Horse, and the attack was made on one of the strongest of the enemy's posts. Paulus Hook, where Jersey City now stands, was a low, sandy spur of land running well out into the river. At that time it was merely the point where the ferry-boat from New York landed, and whence the stage for Philadelphia started. The only buildings were the tavern and stables for the use of the coaches and their passengers, and the house of the guardian of the ferry. But the position was one of great natural military strength, in addition to being the vital point on the direct road to the South. Between the Hook and the main land was a morass, washed and often flooded by the tide, and crossed only by a narrow causeway used by the coaches and easily defended. Taking possession of this point when they first occupied New York, the British fortified it strongly with block-houses and redoubts, while on the water-side it was within easy reach of the city, and protected by the men-of-war. A more difficult place to reach it would have been hard to conceive, and Washington had grave doubts as to making an attempt to surprise it, although he finally gave a reluctant approval. Lee then had the

MAJOR HENRY LEE.
("*Light Horse Harry.*")
From a painting by C. W. Peale in 1788.

roads and the surrounding country thoroughly examined, and sent out a scouting party under Captain Allen McLane, who prepared the way. Lee himself started on the morning of August 18th and, marching through the woods, became separated from the Virginia contingent, which led to many subsequent charges and counter-charges of little moment now, but very bitter then. Whatever the reasons, certain it is that Lee found himself close to the Hook at midnight with only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that the ordinary garrison regiment and Van Buskirk's Loyal Americans amounted to at least two hundred, but he did not know that Van Buskirk had left the Hook that very night with a hundred and thirty men to attack an American post, and that their places had been taken by Hessians from New York, some of the best of the regular troops. Had he known all, however, it would probably have made but little difference. He was as daring and reckless as Wayne, and the knowledge that he had only a hundred and fifty men did not check or frighten him. He had come to attack, and said that if he could not take the fort, he would at least die in it. So he gave the watchword "Be Firm," and started. It was after three o'clock, the tide was rising and the men struggled across the morass in silence. When they reached the ditch they plunged into the water, and then at last the garrison heard them and opened fire. But it was too late, and the Americans were too quick. Up they came, out of the ditch and into the works. A few Hessians threw themselves into one block-house ; about a dozen of the British were killed and wounded, and five Americans. One hundred and fifty-nine British soldiers surrendered, and with them Lee withdrew at once, for relief was already on its

THE CAPTURE OF PAULUS HOOK BY MAJOR LEE.

Up they came out of the ditch and into the works.

way from New York. It was not very easy to retreat with prisoners outnumbering his own force, and Lee had some hard marching and narrow escapes; but by his swiftness and energy he came through successfully, bringing his captives with him. Paulus Hook led to nothing except so far as it cooled the British and strengthened their purpose to stay close in New York, a very desirable feeling for the Americans to cultivate. We may read now the alarm and disgust it caused to the English officers in the letter of General Pattison to Lord Townshend, while the joy on the American side corresponded to the depression on that of their enemies. It was becoming very clear that soldiers capable of storming posts like Stony Point and Paulus Hook lacked only numbers and equipment to be able to face any troops in the open field. A long distance had been traversed from the panic-stricken flight at Kip's Bay to the firm unyielding charge over earthworks and into redoubts of the men who, without question or misgiving, followed "Mad Anthony Wayne" and "Light Horse Harry" in the darkness of those summer nights.

Apart from these two dashing attacks little else was done by the Americans in the campaign, if such it could be called, of 1779. An elaborately prepared expedition against the British post at Castine, on the Penobscot, went to wreck and ruin. Both troops and ships were ill-commanded. The former landed, but failed to carry the works, and Sir George Collier, arriving with a sixty-four-gun ship and five frigates, destroyed two of the American vessels and compelled the burning of the rest. The troops then took to the woods and made their way home as best they could. It was a dispiriting outcome of an attempt made with high hopes and great effort.

In New York Sullivan led a strong expedition of about 4,000 men against the Six Nations. He fought an action at Newtown with some of these allies of the Crown, whose numbers have been variously estimated at from seven hundred to fifteen hundred men. The Indians were defeated, but drew off after their fashion with apparently slight loss. Sullivan then burned their villages, marched through their country, showed them that the King could not protect them, cooled their zeal and checked the recurring danger of Indian inroads upon the settlements. There was much criticism and heart-burning at the time, and there has been endless discussion since about the merits and demerits of this expedition, an amount of words having been expended upon it quite out of proportion to its importance. There were errors very likely, but it served its purpose, and cleared and protected the western borders of New York, which was all that Washington, who planned it, cared for.

The rest of the fighting in the North did not rise above small raids and petty affairs of outposts and partisan bands. Yet when the campaign closed, desultory as all its operations had been, the solid gain, which we can estimate now far better than could be done at the time, was all with the Americans. Clinton had been forced to abandon Rhode Island, and all New England was once more in American hands. He had also felt compelled to withdraw from Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, and the Americans had again taken possession of Kings Ferry and thus controlled all the upper country. The British were confined more closely than ever to the city of New York, and Washington still held the great line of the Hudson in an iron grasp, and was master of the New England and Middle States clear from an enemy, firmly united and with free

communications open between them. The first stage in the test for endurance had been passed successfully.

Then came the winter, one of unusual severity, with heavy snows and severe frosts. Military operations were out of the question, but the dreary months had to be lived through. It was a sore trial, and all the appeals of the Commander-in-Chief to Congress for aid were vain. The executive part of the Government, such as it was, stood motionless and paralyzed; while the army was unpaid, provisions to feed the men could be gathered only with the utmost difficulty, and nothing effective was done to fill the thinning ranks. Much of the noblest and best work of the Revolution, that work which was most instinct with patient patriotism, was done in these winter camps by the half-starved, unpaid officers and men who formed the American army, and who, by their grim tenacity and stubborn endurance, kept that army in existence and the American Revolution with it. Very hard to bear then, very difficult to realize now, neither picturesque nor soul-stirring, like the battles and sieges which every one knows by heart, this holding the army together, and yet worthy of all praise and remembrance, for it was by this feat that the Revolution was largely won. In the midst of it all was Washington, facing facts unflinchingly, looking ahead, planning, advising, generally with no result, but sometimes getting a little done when much was impossible. Altogether a very noble and human figure contending against many weaknesses, stupidities, and hindrances of every sort, with a courage and patience which merit the consideration of all subsequent generations.

As Washington foresaw, without recruits and proper support from the drooping Congress, his army dwindled.

In May he appears to have had only seven thousand men, a month later less than four thousand, to hold the Middle and Eastern States. Bad news also came from the South that Charleston had surrendered, and at that dark moment Knyphausen, with a powerful force, advanced into New Jersey. The militia turned out promptly. They were seasoned to war by this time, and, although greatly outnumbered, they fought stubbornly and fell back slowly before the British. At Springfield Maxwell made a determined stand, inflicted severe loss on the Hessians, and gave time for Washington to come up and take a position so strong that Knyphausen, although he had twice as many men, did not venture to attack, but on the contrary began to retreat, the Americans following him closely and engaging his rear successfully. This expedition degenerated into a mere plundering raid, was effectively checked and accomplished nothing.

Soon afterward Clinton returned from the success at Charleston. He made a movement into New Jersey to supplement that of Knyphausen, while, at the same time, he sent troops to threaten the American communications on the Hudson. Washington dealt with the latter diversion, while Greene prepared to give battle at Springfield. But after a heavy cannonade the British withdrew, suffering not a little on the retreat from the American attacks, and crossed over once more to Staten Island. The New Jersey campaign, if anything so serious had been intended, faded away harmlessly. It was the last attempt of the British to do anything of an offensive or important character by military operations in the North, and with the return of Clinton to New York not only their last but their best opportunity ended. When they invaded New Jersey, Washington was

at his very weakest, and the public spirit was depressed and shaken by the disasters in the South. Clinton, moreover, outnumbered his opponent four to one, yet he failed to push his advantage home, and Washington stayed the advance of the British with his inferior force and threw them back on New York. The chance thus wasted by the English General could never come again, for a new factor now appeared which made any aggressive action by the British hopeless. Unable to defeat Washington alone, or to shatter his small but determined army, it was clearly out of the question to make any impression upon him when backed by a fine force of French regular troops; and on July 10, 1780, these troops, to the number of 6,000 and led by De Rochambeau, arrived in Newport. Clinton made a show of going to attack them, but it was only a show, and his real effort was concentrated in writing a grumbling letter to the Ministry and in demanding reinforcements. It must be admitted that, ineffective as Clinton was in this instance, he was right in his judgment of the situation. The arrival of a French army made the cause of England hopeless in the North without large reinforcements and capable commanders, neither of which she was able to furnish.

But although the coming of the French was in reality decisive, at the moment it was fruitful to Washington in nothing but disappointed hopes and frustrated plans. The effect upon the country was to make people believe that with these well-equipped allies the war was really at an end, and that no further effort on their part was needed, an idea which filled Washington with anger and disgust, not merely because it was utterly unfounded, but because to him it seemed entirely ignoble. He had always said and believed

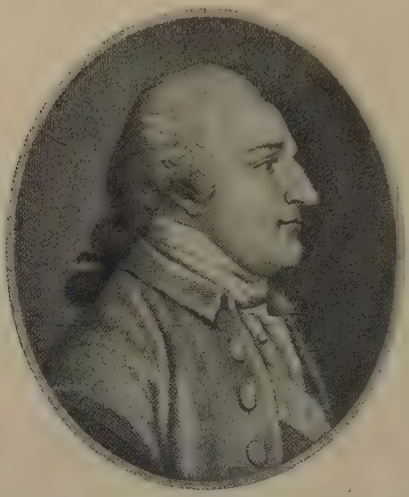
that the Revolution must be won by Americans, could be won in no other way, and would not be worth winning in any different fashion. He rejoiced in the coming of the French because he felt that it ought to spur Congress and people alike to renewed exertion, and when, on the contrary, it acted as a sedative and his own army seemed still to diminish instead of to increase, he was filled with mortification and anxiety. His one idea, with this new support of the French open to him, was to fight, and to that end he tried every plan, but all in vain. One difficulty after another appeared. His own army was short of powder and supplies, and the new levies dragged slowly in. Still these were his old familiar enemies, and he could have dealt with them as he always did in some way more or less. But the troubles which arose on the side of the French were new and more serious. The French ships could not get into the harbor of New York, there was sickness in the army, the British threatened Newport, and finally blockaded it, and De Rochambeau would not move without the second detachment, which was confidently expected, but which, as a matter of fact, was securely shut up by the English fleet at Brest. A very trying time it was to all concerned, but chiefly to the man upon whom the great responsibilities rested, as the summer slipped away, full of trial, irritation, and disappointment, with nothing done and nothing attempted. A long summer it was of appeals to the French and of stern letters to Congress, in which we can read today all the bitterness of spirit which filled the man of action who knew just what he wanted to do, who longed to strike, and who was yet bound hand and foot.

From the time when the French landed, Washington had wished to confer with De Rochambeau, for, vigorous as

his letters were, he knew well the importance of a personal meeting. Yet he did not dare to leave his army or the great river to which he had clung so desperately for so many weary months, knowing that there he held the enemy by the throat. At last, as summer was passing into autumn, it seemed as if he could go with safety, and on September 18th he left Greene in command and started for Hartford, where he met De Rochambeau on the 20th. He was a man of few holidays, and this little change from the long and dreary anxiety of the army and the camp was pleasant to him. His spirits rose as he rode, and the heartfelt greetings of the people in the towns as he passed to and from Hartford touched and moved him deeply. Pleasant indeed was this little bit of sunshine, coming in the midst of days darkened with care and never-ending, often fruitless toil, and yet it was only the prelude to one of the hardest trials which Washington was called to bear. It seems as if his uneasiness and unwillingness to leave the army were almost prophetic, but even the most troubled and foreboding fancy could not have pictured the ugly reality which he was suddenly called to meet and face.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., but belonged to the well-known Rhode Island family. Descended from an early Governor of the latter Colony, whose name he bore, he represented one of the oldest and best families in that State. He was well educated, but ran away at the age of fifteen to join the Northern army in the old French war, and then, wearying of his service, he deserted and came home alone through the wilderness, a fit beginning for a life of reckless adventure both in peace and war. From his escapade on the frontier he

turned to earn his own living in the modest capacity of an apothecary's clerk. Then he became an apothecary and bookseller himself, made money and abandoned these quiet avocations for the life of a merchant. He carried on commerce with Canada, the West Indies, and Europe, made many voyages on his own ships — something much more congenial to him than standing behind a shop-counter — saw the world, had adventures, and shot a British Captain in a duel for calling him "a d—d Yankee." He was conspicuous for good looks, physical strength and high personal courage. When the news arrived of the fight at Lexington he was in New Haven. To such a temperament the note of war was an irresistible appeal, and he offered to lead the Governor's Guards at once to the scene of action. The General in command thought that regular orders should be awaited, the select-men of the town refused ammunition, and Arnold thereupon threatened to break open the magazines, bore down resistance, got the powder and marched to Cambridge. From that time forward he was in the forefront of the fighting. He was with Allen at Ticonderoga, and captured St. Johns. He returned to Cambridge and obtained command of the expedition to Canada from the East, which was to meet that of Montgomery descending the St. Lawrence from



GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD IN 1778.
After the drawing by P. Du Simitière.

the West. His march across the Maine wilderness was one of the most desperate ever made, but he brought his men through after inconceivable hardships and sufferings and laid siege to Quebec. He headed the assault upon the town in the bitter cold of New Year's eve, and was badly wounded. Still he held on all through the winter, keeping Quebec besieged, was relieved in the spring, and then shared in the retreat of the Americans before the British advance. On Lake Champlain he gathered a fleet of small vessels and fought a fierce and stubborn action with the British. He was defeated by superiority of numbers, but he brought off part of his ships and all his surviving men to Ticonderoga. In this gallant fight, comparatively little known and never fully appreciated, Arnold so crippled his enemy as to prevent the advance of Carleton that year, a potent cause in the delays which brought Burgoyne and the great peril of the Revolution to wreck the following summer. In that decisive campaign he played a brilliant part. At Freeman's Farm he repulsed the attempt to turn the left, and if supported would have won a complete victory. But Gates supported no one, and had no conception of how to win a battle, so that after the fight Arnold gave way to his temper, never of the pleasantest, and an angry quarrel ensued. Arnold was thereupon relieved, but not actually superseded, and remained in the camp. In the battle of October 7th, without orders, he went upon the field as a volunteer, and in a series of splendid charges broke the British lines and flung them back shattered beyond recovery. Again he was badly wounded in the same leg as at Quebec, and was carried on a litter to Albany, where he had a slow recovery. Congress at last did him the tardy justice of a commission,

which gave him his rightful seniority; and as he was still too lame for active service, he was put in command at Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British.

Thus he came to the turning-point of his life. A very brilliant record up to this time was his, none more so in the American army. Great qualities were in this man, a great force either for good or evil, say some of those critics who are wise after the event. But very plain even then to all men were the military talents, the disregard of danger, the readiness for every peril, and a wild dare-devil spirit which shrank from nothing. That spirit had led Benedict Arnold through the Maine woods, over the walls of Quebec, across the decks of the ships at Valcour Bay and into the thick of the British squadrons in the battles in New York. It had endeared him to Washington, who loved above all men a ready, fearless fighter, indifferent to responsibilities and careless of danger. These were the qualities, too, which made him one of the heroes of the army and of the popular imagination. But that same dare-devil temper and reckless spirit which stopped at nothing were quite capable of going as unhesitatingly in one direction as another. We now know that Arnold had neither morals nor convictions, and a man so destitute of honor and conscience, when utterly reckless and fearless of consequences, is the most dangerous man that can be produced.

Had Arnold never been compelled to leave the field he might have come down to us as one of the bravest and best of our Revolutionary soldiers. He gave up, however, active service to command in a city, where there was abundant opportunity of wrong-doing; and there all the base qualities of a thoroughly sordid and immoral nature, hidden heretofore under a splendid personal courage and the display

of real military talents, which had asserted themselves often on the day of battle, came out. In Philadelphia he married Miss Shippen, the handsome daughter of a Tory family, and in this way he came to live among loyalists and hear their talk. Then he spent money lavishly and gambled away his fortune, so that at the end of two years he found himself in sore straits. He had a quarrel with Joseph Reed, President of Pennsylvania, charges were preferred, and a committee of Congress acquitted him. Further accusations were made, but a court-martial again acquitted him on the serious charges; and Washington, in reprimanding him as required by the court, really gave him high praise because he thought Arnold a persecuted man. There is no excuse for Arnold in all this, because Congress had a singular aptness for favoring the inferior and frowning upon the best officers. They treated Morgan and Greene little better than they did Arnold, until events sternly taught them the necessary lesson. That these attacks angered Arnold is not to be questioned; but what really moved him were his own poverty and the conviction that the American Revolution, then in the desperate stress of sullen endurance, had failed. To a man with the rat instinct largely developed, that was enough. The dare-devil courage, the keen mind, and the cold heart would do the rest.

Washington followed up his laudatory reprimand by offering Arnold the command of one of the wings of the army, which the latter declined, on the ground that his wounds still forbade active service. The real reason was that since early in the spring he had been in communication with the British, writing, under a feigned name, to Major André of Clinton's staff; and in order to make prof-

itable terms for his treachery, it was necessary that he should have something to sell. A division of the Continental army was not salable, and could not be delivered; hence the refusal, and much active effort and intrigue, which finally procured for him the command of West Point. All Arnold's communications with André were

THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT.

The Beverly Robinson house, from which Arnold escaped to the Vulture, stood among the trees directly opposite West Point.

under the fit guise of a commercial correspondence, and here at last was a valuable piece of property to barter and sell, for West Point had been selected by Washington as the position where he could best hold the Hudson fast and prevent any advance of the enemy up the valley, either by land or water. The place had been elaborately and strongly fortified, and no less than three thousand men garrisoned the works. It was almost impregnable to attack, its loss

would have been a grievous disaster to the American cause, and so the British determined to buy and Arnold to sell it. He took command early in August, and at once attempted to open communications through Beverly Robinson with reference ostensibly to that gentleman's confiscated property. Washington checked this scheme innocently but effectively by deciding that such matters belonged to the civil and not to the military authority.

This plan having failed, Clinton insisted that there must be a personal interview with his agent, and various abortive attempts were made to bring about a meeting. At last, on the night of September 21st, Arnold contrived to have André brought off by Joshua Hett Smith from the sloop-of-war Vulture, which was lying in the river below the Point. The young Englishman was directed not to go within the American lines, not to change his uniform, and to accept no papers; and thus instructed André with a light heart landed at Long Clove, where Arnold met him. The two mounted and rode through Haverstraw to Smith's home, inside the American lines, and André had disobeyed his first order. Then the conspirators went to work. Clinton was to come up the river with ships from Rodney's fleet and surprise West Point on September 25th; Arnold, having scattered his men, was to promptly surrender and then lure Washington to come with reinforcements to destruction. For all this Arnold was to receive as reward a commission as Brigadier-General in the British army and a sum of money. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." These interesting negotiations consumed much time, and the day was well advanced when they ended. While they were still in progress, there was a sound of firing, and the conspirators saw from the window

OLD FORT PUTNAM—THE KEY TO THE DEFENCES AT WEST POINT—SHOWING THE MAGAZINES.

In the distance are Constitution Island and the Hudson River.

an American battery shell the Vulture and force her to drop down the river. An uncomfortable sight this for André, but Arnold bore it with entire philosophy apparently, and rode off, leaving his guest to get back to New York as best he might. He provided him with passes and also papers, plans of the fort and the like, which André accepted, and violated his second instruction. After Arnold's departure the day wore slowly away, and André began to think of his escape. Then it appeared that Smith,

a very careful person, had no notion of running the risk involved in taking his guest off to the Vulture. So it was agreed that they should go by land, and André then changed his uniform and put on ordinary clothes. He thus broke his third and last instruction, and was now in every respect within the definition of a spy. The two men started at dusk, passed through the American lines, spent the night at a house in the neighborhood, and resumed their march in the early morning. After having proceeded a little way, the careful and innocent Smith parted from his guest, and went back to report to Arnold that all was well, while André rode on cheerfully, feeling that all danger was over.

HEAD-QUARTERS AT TAPPAN FROM WHICH THE ORDER FOR ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION WAS ISSUED.

He was in fact crossing the neutral ground, and would soon reach the British lines. Suddenly, out of the bushes came three men, rough-looking fellows, one in a refugee's

uniform, who bade the traveller stand. André was in the region of the guerillas, who belonged to one party or the other in name, and fought steadily for their own hand, so he hastily concluded that these men were "cowboys," partisans of his own side, and ordered them to give way, as he was a British officer. It appeared, however, that the dress of the men had misled him, and that these unwelcome persons were "Skinners," as the American guerillas were agreeably called. A very unpleasant discovery this to a British officer travelling in disguise from the American lines. So Arnold's pass was produced, but with little effect on these highly irregular combatants. Then bribes were tried, and André thought that if he could have given enough, they would have released him. But in this respect results at least are on the side of the "Skinners," who were three in number, and named respectively Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. They searched André, found the fatal papers in his boots, and Paulding, being able to read, an accomplishment apparently not shared by his companions, at once with great justice pronounced the prisoner a spy, and said subsequently that after finding the papers ten thousand guineas would not have bought André's freedom. Certain it is that they refused his very handsome offers, took him to Northcastle, and won a secure and very well-earned place in history by their firm and intelligent action.

Colonel Jamieson, to whom they delivered their captive, was either less intelligent or less honest than the rough free lances of the neutral ground. Charity would describe Colonel Jamieson's action as due to dulness, and exact, frank justice as smacking of knavery. History has been guided by charity and not by justice in this respect, but of the utter stupidity of Jamieson's action on the charitable hypothesis

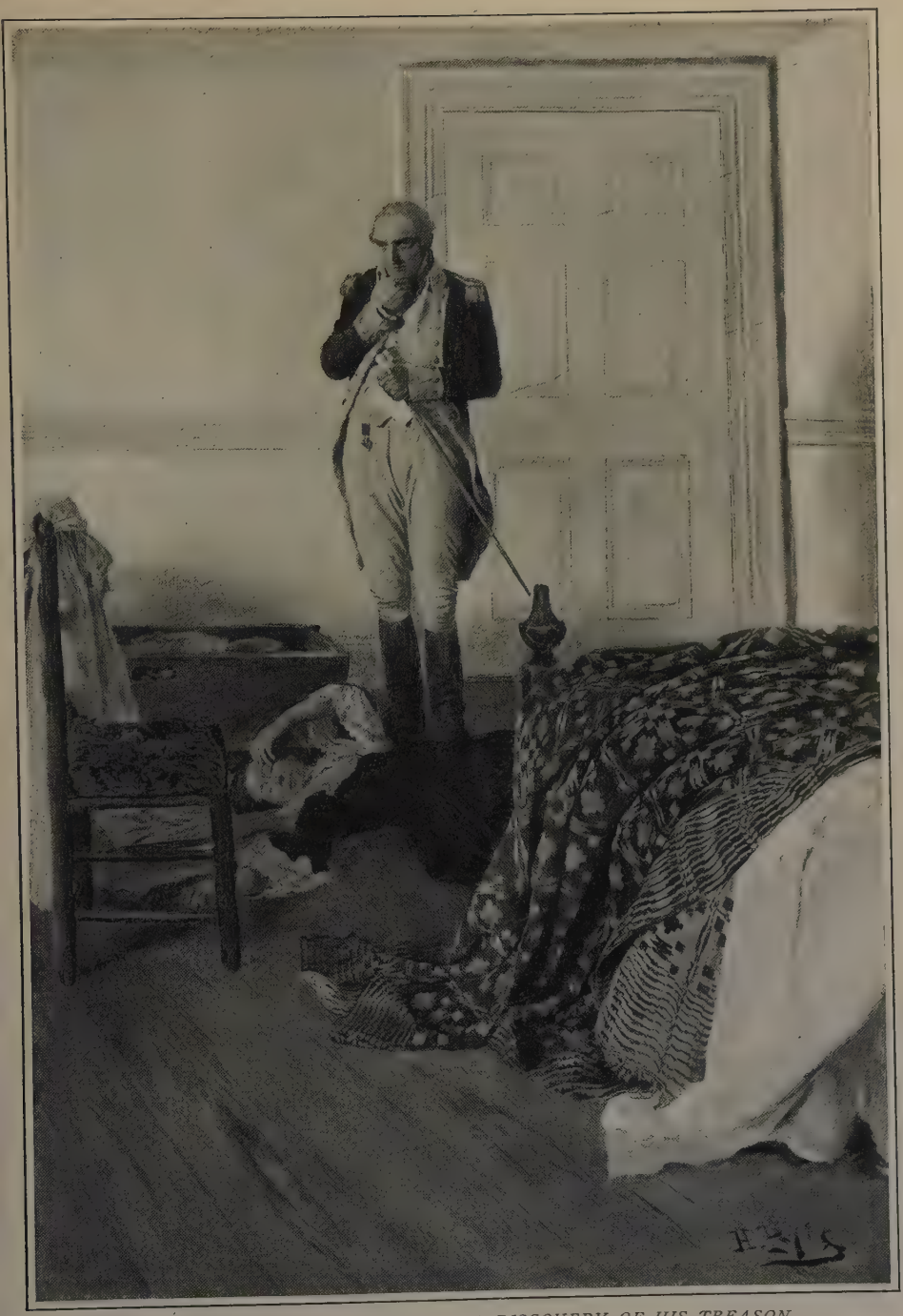
there can be no doubt. He ordered that André be taken to Arnold's head-quarters, with a letter from himself explaining the circumstances, and that the papers be sent to Washington. If this amiable arrangement had been carried out all would have gone well, and André would have escaped. But luckily intelligence and honesty had not

THE HOUSE IN WHICH ANDRÉ WAS IMPRISONED IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT (ABOVE). THE ENCLOSED STONE (BELOW) MARKS THE PLACE WHERE ANDRÉ WAS EXECUTED.

wholly departed from Northcastle. Major Benjamin Tallmadge, returning from a scout, saw the blunder which had been committed and forced Jamieson to recall André and his escort, although he could not prevent the despatch of the letter to Arnold. Under the guard of Sergeant John Dean and his men, vigilant and incorruptible, André was held fast and taken out of Jamieson's reach to New

Salem. When the young officer saw that the game was up he revealed his name and rank and wrote a letter to Washington, making the same confession. The conspiracy had failed, for the message which was to bring Clinton and the British fleet had been stopped, and one of the conspirators was in the toils.

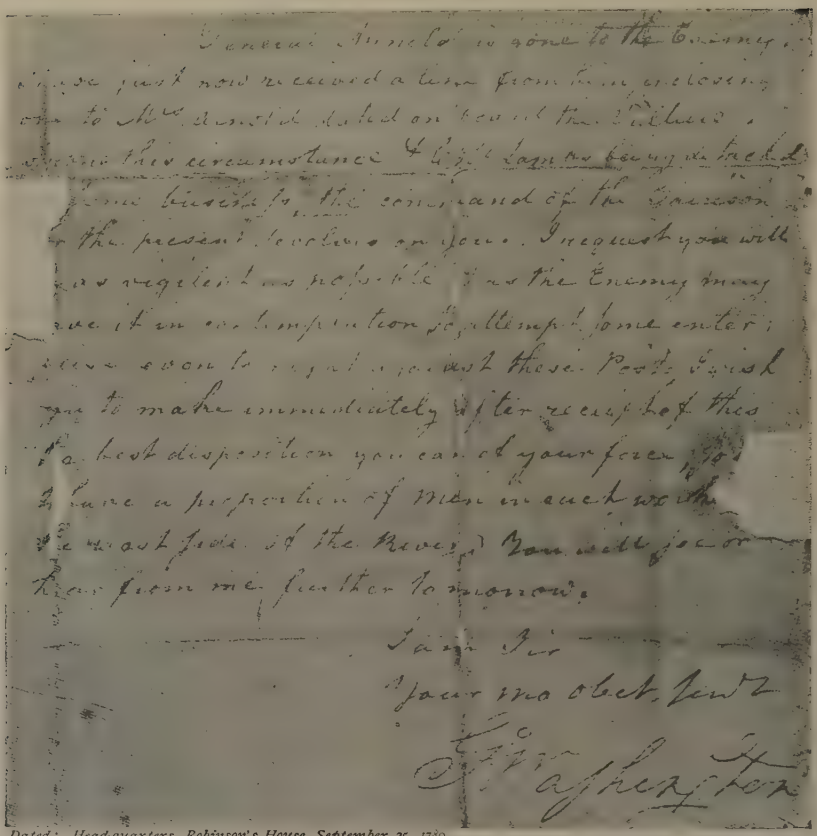
At West Point, however, none of these things were known. It was the 25th of September, the very day upon which the attack was to be made and the post delivered, and Arnold had no reason to think that all would not come to pass as he had planned. Even such a hardened and reckless man as Arnold may have felt nevertheless a little natural nervousness under these conditions, and if he did, the first event of the day was not likely to console him, for at breakfast appeared Hamilton and McHenry, aides of the Commander-in-Chief. Washington had returned sooner than had been expected, and it was going to be extremely difficult to betray West Point before his very eyes. The General himself had turned off to look at some redoubts, and telling his aides that like all young men they were in love with Mrs. Arnold, had bade them ride on to the Robinson house. So a pleasant party sat down there to breakfast, one of them revolving many things in his mind about which he did not converse. Presently a note was brought to Arnold. He read it with but slight appearance of emotion, said he must go to West Point, and left the room. The note was Jamieson's letter. The plot was discovered, and all that remained was flight. To his wife, who followed him from the room, he told what had happened. She fainted, and Arnold, pausing at the breakfast-room to say that Mrs. Arnold was ill, rushed from the house,



ARNOLD TELLS HIS WIFE OF THE DISCOVERY OF HIS TREASON.

flung himself into his barge, and under pretence of a flag of truce was rowed to the Vulture. The treason had failed, and the traitor had escaped.

Soon afterward, Washington came to the house, had a hasty breakfast, and went over to West Point to visit the works. When he reached the fort, no salute broke the quiet of the morning, no guard turned out to receive him, no commandant was there to greet him. Surprised not to find Arnold, he made the tour of the works, and then returned to the house, to be met, as he came up from the river, by Hamilton with the Jamieson letter. Washington took the blow with the iron self-control of which he alone was capable. To Lafayette and Knox, when he showed them the letter, he merely said, "Whom can we trust now?" for the idea that the conspiracy might be wide-spread was that which first absorbed his mind. But there was no confusion. The orders went thick and fast. Hamilton was sent to try to intercept Arnold, unfortunately too late. To Wade went the message: "Arnold has gone to the enemy. You are in command. Be vigilant." Every precaution was taken, every arrangement made, every danger guarded against. There was really little need of such care, for Arnold had no accomplices. He had meant to have no sharer in the rewards, and he had no partners in his crime. When night came, Washington said to Captain Webster, who commanded the guard, "I believe I can trust you," and the son of that brave New Hampshire soldier in all his brilliant career never won a higher meed of praise. Throughout the night the sentry outside the room of the Commander-in-Chief heard him pacing up and down, the steady footfall sounding clearly in the still autumn night. Washington



Dated: Head-quarters, Robinson's House, September 25, 1780.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON TO COLONEL WADE, APPRISING HIM OF ARNOLD'S TREASON.

(Reproduced in fac-simile for the first time from the original in the possession of Francis H. Wade, Esq., of Ipswich, Mass., a grandson of Colonel Wade.)

had said nothing and done everything at the moment the blow fell, but, when night came and he was alone, he could neither sleep nor rest. It was not alone the imminent peril to his cause which filled his mind, but the thought of the traitor. He had trusted Arnold because he so admired his fighting qualities, he had helped him and stood by him, and the villain had sold his post, tried to wreck the Revolution, and fled to the enemy. It was

very hard to bear in silence, but all Washington said afterward was that in his opinion it was a mistake to suppose that Arnold suffered from remorse, because he was incapable of it.

The rest of the story is easily told. André was tried and condemned as a spy. No other verdict was possible. He was hanged, and met his death with the perfect courage of a well-bred and gallant gentleman. Joshua Hett Smith, the cautious and elusive, was also tried, slipped through the fingers of justice, and lived to write, many years after, an account of the conspiracy from his own

PART OF THE GREAT CHAIN (NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF RELICS AT WEST POINT) WHICH WAS STRETCHED ACROSS THE HUDSON BETWEEN WEST POINT AND CONSTITUTION ISLAND TO OBSTRUCT NAVIGATION.

Each link is more than two feet long and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. The chain was held in place by a series of logs and anchors.

point of view. Arnold received his reward in money and rank, served in the British army, and left descendants who in England rose to distinction in later days. Thus the treason came to naught. If it had succeeded it

would have been a grave disaster, but would it not have changed essentially the course or outcome of the Revolution. It failed, and had no result whatever except upon the two conspirators. There hang about it the mystery and attraction which always attach to dark plottings pregnant with possibilities, but there is really nothing in it but the individual interest which is inseparable from such a fate as that of André, and such an unusual exhibition of cold and sordid perfidy as that of Arnold.

So the summer ended. No military operations had been attempted, and Clinton had tried in vain to substitute bribery and treachery for a campaign in the field. The French had arrived, but, despite Washington's efforts, all combinations for an active movement had failed. The second stage in the trial of endurance had closed, and both sides retired to winter quarters—Clinton to New York and Washington to New Jersey, where he provided for his men in a line of cantonments. The American army was still in existence, the line of the Hudson was still in Washington's unyielding grasp, and the last scene of the war was about to open.

CHAPTER VII

YORKTOWN

ANOTHER summer had gone. Another winter was to be faced. It was well for America that Arnold's plot had failed, but nevertheless there was nothing inspiriting in a baffled treason, and there had been no fighting and no victories to help people and army to bear the season of cold, of waiting, and of privation which lay before them. When Washington retreated through the Jerseys, in 1776, it looked as if the end had come; but at least there had been hard fighting, and the end was to be met, if at all, in the open field with arms in hand, and all the chances that war and action and courage could give. Now, four years later, the Revolution seemed to be going down in mere inaction through the utter helplessness of what passed for the central Government. To those who looked beneath the surface the prospect was profoundly disheartening. It was in truth a very dark hour—perhaps the darkest of the whole war. To Washington, keenly alive to the underlying causes of the situation, and laboring for union and better government, even while he bore the entire responsibility of the military operations, the outlook seemed black indeed. No matter how evil the military conditions, no matter how serious the defeats and checks in the field, he never wavered so long as the difficulties

could be met by fighting the enemy on any terms. But this ruinous, heart-breaking waiting, this creeping paralysis and dry rot which were upon the Government, wore upon him and galled him, because he seemed so helpless in dealing with them. We catch a note in his letters at this time never to be found at any other, not even when he declared that, in the event of final British victory, he would cross the mountains to found a new state and begin a fresh struggle in the Western forests. It is not the note of hopeless despair, for he never despaired, but there is a ring of bitterness and of anger in his words very rarely to be heard. In October, 1780, he wrote: "Our present distresses are so great and complicated that it is scarcely within the powers of description to give an adequate idea of them. With regard to our future prospects, unless there is a material change both in our civil and military policy, it will be in vain to contend much longer. We are without money, without provision and forage, except what is taken by impress, without clothing, and shortly shall be, in a manner, without men. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till we can live no longer. The history of this war is a history of temporary devices in stead of system, and economy which results from it."

Then follows the often and patiently reiterated advice as to the improvements and changes in government essential if the contest was to be continued. Congress read these letters and, as usual, did little or nothing. They passed a resolution for taxes to be distributed among the States, and that was all. Resolutions advising reluctant and independent States to pay money were well-intentioned things after their kind, but wholly visionary, with no reality, no actual meaning to them. They were small

comfort to the General of the hungry, half-clothed, dwindling army who was dealing with things exactly as they were. Presently what Washington foresaw and dreaded came to pass. A portion of the Pennsylvania line in quarters at Morristown revolted, attacked their officers, and marched to Princeton. Here was something not to be avoided, not to be met by debate and resolutions. It was a hard, ugly fact; it looked Congress angrily in the face, and Congress was not so used to facts as their General. In much anxiety a committee was hastily appointed, with Sullivan at its head, and betook itself to Princeton, together with Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, to meet the mutineers. Washington had started to come himself; but the suspicion born of Arnold's treason woke once more into life, men began to doubt about the other troops, and he decided that he ought to remain where he was and leave the matter with Congress. Reed and the committee promptly yielded to the demands of the mutineers, who thereupon gave up Clinton's emissaries to a deserved execution as spies. This was all very well, but the Congressional method of quelling mutiny soon bore its natural fruit. Part of the New Jersey line followed the evil example set and revolted, expecting to achieve the same results as their fellow-soldiers of Pennsylvania. But Washington, by this time, had had quite enough of the Congressional system; he came to the scene of disorder himself, crushed the mutiny with a strong hand, and that particular danger was over.

The mutiny in reality was but the expression, in rough, inarticulate fashion, of the hatred of wrong, injustice, and suffering inflicted on the army and on the Revolution by the imbecility of the Government. It said, in a rude, em-

phatic way, what Washington had been saying over and over again, by word of mouth and countless letters. It declared harshly that the Government of Congress was a failure; that the Confederation which had been formed, and at last agreed to, was no better; that American soldiers were ready to fight, but that they could not carry on war without arms, clothing, money, or recruits. The man with the musket was getting to the point where he meant to be fed, even if others starved—a perilous point for inefficient rulers at all times. Better government was demanded, a government which could act and execute and do something; and Congress replied by futile efforts to obtain for itself power to levy a duty from customs, and had much talk and debate, but no other result. Very clearly the American Revolution was getting into sore straits. After having won in the field it was in imminent danger of going ingloriously to pieces because the thirteen States could not bring forth a government that would govern. It is an unpleasant picture of inefficiency to look back upon, due to local prejudices, State-rights, and an inability to rise to the heights of union and achievement. The worst of it was that nothing could be done. No new and efficient government could be created in time to work. The hard problem was how to win victory before chaos came, with the broken instruments which alone could be had. To young Laurens, going abroad, Washington wrote that our only hope was in financial aid from Europe; without it the next campaign would flicker out and the Revolution die. Money and superiority of sea-power, he cried, were what we must have. To the man who believed that the Revolution to be worth winning must be won by Americans, this confession must have

brought exceeding great bitterness of soul. It casts a flood of light on the darkness and doubt and peril of that unhappy time when the new year of 1781 was just beginning and the American Revolution was dragging and grounding on the shoals of broken finances and a helpless Government.

Fortunately for America, the sole dependence of the Revolution was not upon Congress. Social efficiency, expressed in civil government, had broken down wofully under the long stress of war, waged by weak and incoherent States against a powerful and centralized empire. But when organized society failed, the spirit of individual enterprise, so strong in this new land, stepped in and took up the burden as best it might, very manfully and energetically struggling with a task beyond its powers, but still capable of at least some partial solution. This was what happened now in Philadelphia. Robert Morris, born in England, and coming to this country as a boy, had raised himself from poverty to wealth, and was a rich merchant in the Quaker town. He had given himself to his adopted country, and was a patriotic, energetic man, with strong faith in the American cause, and great confidence in Washington. Congress had undertaken to establish certain executive departments with single heads to take the place of their own committees—a gleam of practical sense in the midst of much vain talk and resolving. In December, 1780, they made Morris Superintendent of Finances, a dreary office where there were demands to be met and constant outgo, with but little or nothing to come in, and no means of imposing taxes or enforcing their collection. Nevertheless Morris took the office and faced the situation bravely. He at once

organized a bank, to which he subscribed largely himself, and this gave the country some intelligent machinery for financial operations. With him in his heavy task was associated Gouverneur Morris, of the old New York family of that name, no relation in blood to Robert, but like him in patriotism and energy, possessed of high and indomitable courage and keen wit, with a good deal of hearty contempt in his soul for the blundering and the ineffective people of this world, of whom at that moment, and in that place, he had examples enough before him. It was Gouverneur Morris who wrote "Finance. Ah, my friend, all that is left of the American Revolution grounds there." In this temper these two men took hold of what by courtesy was called the Treasury of the Confederation. They got some order out of the existing confusion. That in itself was much. But they did even more. By straining their own credit, by the bank, by foreign loans, by one expedient after another they in part effected what the Government ought to have done, and they raised some money. It was a mighty assistance to Washington, and one can imagine the relief it must have been to have men to deal with who were trying, however imperfectly, to get something real done instead of contenting themselves with debates and resolutions, and other well-meant nothings, when the times cried loudly and imperatively for deeds, not words. He was enabled at last, feeble as the relief was, to get something also, in a military way, and it was none too soon, for the war, which had died down to nothing in the North, was beginning to flame up in a new quarter.

When Greene made his great move, and marched South, striking in between the forces under Rawdon and the main army under Cornwallis, he knew very well that

one of two things must happen, and this choice, which he forced upon his antagonist, is one of his chief claims to distinction as a soldier. Cornwallis was obliged either to follow Greene, in which case his campaign was confined to the southern extremity of the American Colonies, was an obvious failure, and ceased at once to be formidable, or else he must leave Rawdon to his fate with Greene, and press on toward the North, as he originally intended. Neither course was pleasant, and it was not intended that either should be, but he chose, probably wisely, and as Greene anticipated, the latter alternative. By so doing he left Greene a free hand to redeem the Southern States, but he entered himself upon the populous and rich State of Virginia, which was quite undefended, and which, untouched, had been a strong resource and support to the general cause of the Revolution. It is true that every step of his advance brought him nearer, as Greene well knew, to the main continental army under Washington, but this seemed to Cornwallis a remote danger, if he thought of it at all. He was encouraged by the plaudits and favor of the Ministry, who praised his work in the South, and held him up as the one thoroughly successful general. Clinton, of course, as Cornwallis thought, would hold Washington where he was, the Ministry would back

CHARLES, EARL CORNWALLIS.
After an engraving by F. Haward, published in 1784.

him up, and he would pass from the disagreeable work of failing to catch or defeat Greene, to the agreeable business of sweeping through Virginia, and breaking the Confederation in twain at a vital point.

He was, however, not the first in the new field. Clinton, in his inert way, had already cast his eyes in that direction, and, in 1779, had sent one of his useless expeditions to raid and plunder, and return without results, which was apparently his permanent theory of the way in which a war of conquest should be conducted. The next year he sent Leslie, who was to cut off supplies from the American army in the South, make a strong diversion in this way, and thus co-operate with and help Cornwallis. Unfortunately, the men from across the mountains inconsiderately came over just at that time, fought the battle of King's Mountain, and compelled Leslie to withdraw at once with his fleet and army, and go directly to the support and reinforcement of Cornwallis. Now, again stung into action by the praises which the Ministry heaped on Cornwallis, and spurred by jealousy, he determined to be beforehand with his younger and more successful rival, and sent another of his pet expeditions, strong enough to rob and burn and to defeat small parties of militia, but too weak to conquer or hold the country. This third expedition was entrusted to Arnold, whose treason had in nowise diminished his activity, and who pushed rapidly on into the interior of Virginia. Steuben, left behind by Greene, wisely refused to sacrifice his little force against a very superior enemy, and kept on the south side of the James River, while Arnold pressed rapidly forward to Richmond. His march was practically unimpeded, for Virginia had been generously giving men and supplies to the

Southern campaign, and there were no suitable preparations for her own defence. Jefferson, now Governor, on the arrival of the enemy did some violent ridings to and fro, tried, in a rather hysterical way, to do the work of weeks in a few hours, and quite naturally failed. Arnold, moving fast, offered, with his characteristic mercantile spirit, to spare Richmond if he could be allowed to take off the stores of tobacco. This was refused, and he then burned houses, destroyed all the property he could, and after failing to capture the arms at Westham, returned down the river to Portsmouth. Clinton's third raid was over, with a net result of one unlucky Governor much disturbed, and some houses and tobacco burned; but his zeal, now fired with emulation, was not as usual content with this performance as sufficient for a year's campaign. In March he sent a fresh and strong detachment of two thousand men to Virginia, and a month later, another. The first body was led by General Phillips, who joined Arnold and took command of the combined forces.

Meantime other eyes than those of Clinton had begun to look with interest upon Virginia. To Washington the raiding of Arnold in his native State was particularly odious, and he had moreover an intense desire to capture the traitor, upon whom he was profoundly anxious to execute justice, for he was a firm believer in the law of compensation and had no feeble tenderness about punishing criminals. With this purpose in view he detached Lafayette, with twelve hundred continentals, to go to Virginia in pursuit of Arnold. Lafayette slipped away with his men and got safely and quickly to Annapolis, where he was to be met by the French fleet from Newport and convoyed to Portsmouth. All had gone as Washington had planned

it. Arnold, penned up at Portsmouth by the Virginia militia, would have fallen an easy prey to an enemy in control of both land and sea; but the French fleet fell in with that of the British, under Arbuthnot, off the capes of the Chesapeake, where an action ensued. Both sides claimed the victory, and the result was what is usually described in polite historic phrase as indecisive, but the British won, for the French were obliged to return to Newport and Arbuthnot held the Chesapeake. No convoy therefore for Lafayette and his men; no capturing of traitors this time; all these things quite obvious and no doubt very disappointing and even grievous to the young Frenchman, always eager for fighting and glory. So he turned northward, thinking that he had marched many miles in vain. When, at the head of Elk, however, he was met by orders to return South and act with Greene. Watching Virginia, Washington had detected signs of events which might be crucial in their developments and which called up visions of possible successes so large as to make the capture of an escaped traitor seem trivial indeed.

The despatch of Phillips, at the head of two thousand men, with a probability of more to follow, gave an importance to the situation in Virginia which it had not before possessed. Washington knew Clinton too well to suppose that that gallant gentleman had any comprehensive or far-reaching plan in sending a series of detachments to the Chesapeake, or that there was, in the mind of the British general, any intention beyond that of many other similar expeditions previously projected into space apparently just for luck. But he also knew that these successive detachments meant, as a matter of course, the accumulation of a considerable mass of men in Virginia.

Quite clear it was also that Cornwallis, to the southward, was not far from the Virginia line and was heading northward. Washington had not yet heard of the battle of Guilford, or of the bold movement by which Greene had thrust himself between the two British divisions and was carrying the war to the South. But it was plain to him that the chances all favored the advance of Cornwallis to the North, and his consequent junction with Clinton's detachments. That meant a strong army in Virginia. If Greene was at the heels of Cornwallis, then he must be strengthened. If he was not, then arrangements must be made to reach the latter from the North. An army of the enemy was gathering in Virginia so large as to not merely threaten the country at a central point, but to offer probably an opportunity, if rightly managed, to win a victory as decisive as that of Saratoga. There was a strong indication that the vital point in the war might suddenly shift to Virginia, and preparation therefore must be made so that either he himself or Greene might be in a position to take advantage of it. It was only a chance as yet, but it was a great possibility, and tentative movements must be begun in order to seize the opportunity if it really came. Hence the orders to Lafayette. Hence, later further orders to Wayne to join Lafayette with some of the Pennsylvania line, and later still, much larger and more conclusive undertakings as the possibilities of the winter of 1781 ripened into certainty.

Lafayette was well chosen to do the work immediately in hand, for he was brave, generous, energetic, and quick in movement. By pledging his own credit he obtained shoes and clothes in Baltimore for his troops, and then making a forced march he reached Richmond and took

possession of the city. He was only just in time, a mere twenty-four hours ahead of the enemy, but still he was in time. Phillips and Arnold, marching up the river, had forced Steuben to retreat from Blandford, and pressing on arrived at Richmond too late. Lafayette was there, too strongly posted to be attacked, and the British fell back down the river, ascending again and reoccupying Petersburg on the receipt of news that Cornwallis was coming. On May 13th Phillips died, and Arnold, being in command, undertook to open a correspondence with Lafayette. The young Frenchman refused to have anything to do with him on the unpleasant ground that he was a traitor, which exasperated Arnold, who began to threaten ugly reprisals, when Cornwallis appeared, and having no liking for the betrayer of West Point, sent him back to New York. Thence Arnold went on one more plundering, burning raid into Connecticut, which ended with the capture and destruction of New London and the murder of Colonel Ledyard and seventy-three of his soldiers after they had surrendered. With this appropriate exploit performed by the troops under his command, Arnold disappeared for the rest of his life from the history which he had soiled and blackened, and served in obscurity the king who had bought him.

Cornwallis, rid of Arnold and with seven thousand men now under his command, set himself at once to cut off Lafayette and prevent his junction with Wayne, who, after many delays, was now coming to Virginia, in obedience to Washington's orders. Lafayette, however, had not been brought up in the school of Washington and Greene in vain. Holding his little army well in hand, he moved with such judgment and rapidity that he entirely evaded

wallis and effected his junction successfully with Wayne at a point on the Rapidan. While he was thus escaping, the British general, baffled in his main object, sent out two expeditions, one under Simcoe and one under Tarleton. The first forced Steuben, who thought the main army was upon him, to retire in haste and leave the stores which he was guarding at the Point of Fork to the enemy. The

HALL IN CARTER'S GROVE, AN OLD COLONIAL MANSION ON THE JAMES RIVER.

The balustrade still bears deep cuts made by the sabres of Tarleton's troopers when the land was raided by them on their way to Yorktown.

second was intended to capture the State officers of Virginia, who, warned in time, made good their escape. Jefferson had but short notice, only five minutes, tradition says, but enough to get upon his horse and gallop away to the woods and into the hills. Net results of all this again is easily stated, and consisted of some military stores and the runaway Governor. The two expeditions are quite Indian in conception, execution, and outcome, and how far the inert dulness which thought to conquer

a continent by raids had come to reign supreme in the British military mind.

While Cornwallis was thus idly beating the air with parties of horse and foot, scattering about the country to capture stores and catch civil officers, Lafayette, strengthened by the contingent under Wayne, marched

THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE AT WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

Used by Cornwallis as his head-quarters in the campaign preceding Yorktown.

down against the main British army. By a quick movement he got between Cornwallis and the stores at Richmond, and the former then began to retire down the river with the Americans following him. By the end of June the British were at Williamsburg. Then came an indecisive skirmish between detachments under Simcoe on the one side and Butler, sent out by Lafayette, on the other. As the enemy continued to fall back toward

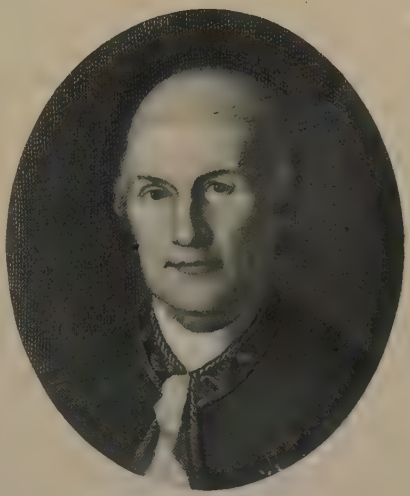
the coast Lafayette determined to give them battle at the crossing of the James and advanced to Green Spring where Wayne attacked with his usual impetuosity, and also, as was likewise not unusual with him, a little too soon. He supposed that he had only a detachment to deal with, when, as a matter of fact, the main body of the enemy was still on the north side and in his immediate front. Once engaged, however, Wayne faced his difficulties and his very superior foe with his usual dash and daring and charged the British line. Lafayette came gallantly to his support, and between them they checked the enemy and brought their army off in safety from a most perilous situation. The American loss was 118 in killed, wounded, and missing; the British lost in killed and wounded 75. It was a sharp and well-fought action, and despite the mistake at the beginning, the army was handled with skill and courage by the American generals. After the battle Lafayette withdrew to Malvern, destined to a much greater fame and much harder fighting in a then distant future, and there rested his men. Cornwallis, on his side, continued his retreat to the coast, sent out Tarleton on the conventional raid into Bedford County, which had the conventional results in fire and destruction, withdrew to Portsmouth, and thence betook himself, on August 1st, to Yorktown, where, by the 9th, he had all his army assembled about him, and where he began to intrench himself and build strong works of defence.

It was the first week in August when Cornwallis thus took possession of Yorktown and Gloucester. His northern movement had failed. He had left the Carolinas open to Greene and could not return thither. Clinton's jealousy and vacillation had weakened his force, and now had the

solid result of preventing his reinforcement. That Cornwallis was uneasy is clear, although how fully he understood the perils of his own position cannot now be absolutely determined. But if he himself did not measure accurately his own conditions, there was an opponent far away to the North who perfectly apprehended both the situation and all its possibilities.

To Washington it had been perfectly clear for many months, that within the year now passing into summer a decisive blow must be struck or the Revolution, if it did not go hopelessly to pieces, would certainly fail of complete and true success. The conditions of his problem, from the military point of view, were plain. With the allied French and his own army he must strike the English and destroy one of their principal armies by bringing an overwhelming superiority of numbers to bear at the point of contact. To do this the command of the sea was vitally necessary, if only for a short time, and that command could be had only through the French fleet. As the year 1780 was closing Washington considered carefully a plan for combining with the Spaniards in the seizure of Florida, and thence advancing through Georgia and taking the British forces, against which Greene was operating, in the rear. Rochambeau objected, and the plan is now of interest merely as showing how Washington was scanning the whole country and devising every possible plan to meet the emergency and deal the fatal blow. His time was limited, short even, and he knew it. If the Revolution was to be won, as he wanted to win it, it must be done within the twelvemonth, and he meant that it should be. For this reason every possible scheme was considered, so that no chance should slip by.

The Florida plan came to nothing. Then mutiny reared its head; ugly, threatening, but not without use in frightening Congress and in leading to some displays of energy. With the mutinies put down, Congress awakened and Robert Morris fighting the financial difficulties, the spring opened a little more brightly in matters domestic. Then in May came news of De Barras with a French squadron at Newport, six hundred more men for De Rochambeau, and, what was far more important, sure tidings of the sailing of a powerful fleet under De Grasse to the West Indies. The factors in Washington's problem were getting nearer, the instruments he must use were coming within reach of his hand. How was it going to be possible to bring them all together and produce the great result?



COMPTE DE ROCHAMBEAU.
From a portrait by C. W. Peale, 1781.

The first real step was a consultation with De Rochambeau at Wethersfield in Connecticut on May 21st. There it was decided to move on New York if De Grasse would co-operate. There, too, was the plan of moving South against Cornwallis discussed. Hence a claim from De Rochambeau that the Virginia campaign was his idea, and eagerness on the part of the modern antiquarian, to whom any view is distasteful if it is accepted, to prove that the French General thought of Virginia and not Washington. Very idle arguing and conjecturing all this. Washington

had been thinking not only of Virginia long before De Rochambeau knew aught about it, but of Florida too, and New York. He was thinking of every place where there was an English army, and of every combination which might result in the complete destruction of one of them. He was wedded to no plan, and to no one place. The point at which he could combine land and sea power was the only point at which he aimed, and those conditions once fulfilled his campaign was made for him. Naturally he thought first of New York, which he had been watching so long, and where the principal hostile army was posted. Perhaps he could get the fleet there, and then the work would be done. Perhaps he could not, and then Clinton, threatened by the allied forces, would be at least debarred by his presence from helping Cornwallis.

So, on June 18th, the French left Rhode Island and joined Washington. On July 2d an attack was attempted on the forts on the upper end of Manhattan Island and failed. Then followed a reconnoissance in force with a distinct result of alarming Clinton to such extent that no more men were sent to Virginia, and orders went instead to recall troops already there. It was not in vain, therefore, that the first movement had been made against New York, and the importance of the effect on Clinton soon became manifest, for a great alteration was at hand in the conditions of the campaign. The change came in a note from De Grasse stating that he would enter the Chesapeake with a view to a combination against Cornwallis, as suggested by De Rochambeau. He said his time would be short; that he could not remain long on the coast. The great moment had come, brief, fleeting, to be seized at all hazards. Washington did not

hesitate. New York was naturally the object first in his mind, evidently the most important place in America, that which he had hemmed in so long in order to prevent the movement up the Hudson. Clinton and New York were worth more than Cornwallis in a post of no value, but he could not get De Grasse to New York, the fleet was essential and Cornwallis would do.

The probable need of going South had been plain to Washington's mind some time before the decisive letter had come from De Grasse. On August 2d he had written that the arrival of troops made New York perhaps impracticable, and that it might be necessary to go South, thus preparing Congress for the contingency daily growing into a certainty. After it was known that De Grasse had turned finally to the Chesapeake no time was lost. Then it was that Washington began to move, and that letters went to the New England governors pleading for troops with an earnestness beyond even that which he was wont to use. So too went demands for money to Robert Morris, who manfully did his best, which was but little, but still something. Slender funds, no proper means of transportation, apathetic States, and a central Government almost totally impotent, were harsh conditions for a general obliged to carry troops over three hundred miles to the southward, and very quickly, too, if he was to win his prize. Then, too, in another direction the weakness of human nature seemed likely to mortally wound the great scheme at its most vital point. De Barras, at Boston, with the French squadron assigned regularly to the American station, was an important factor in the situation. But De Barras, the senior in rank, was nettled by his junior, De Grasse, having command of the great fleet fresh from France. His orders

gave him an independent command, and he made up his mind to sail away to the northward, and leave De Grasse unassisted. This was something to be prevented at all hazards, and a very skilfully drawn and urgent letter went on signed by both Washington and De Rochambeau.

YORK RIVER, SEEN FROM THE INNER BRITISH WORKS, AND LOOKING TOWARD GLOUCESTER POINT.

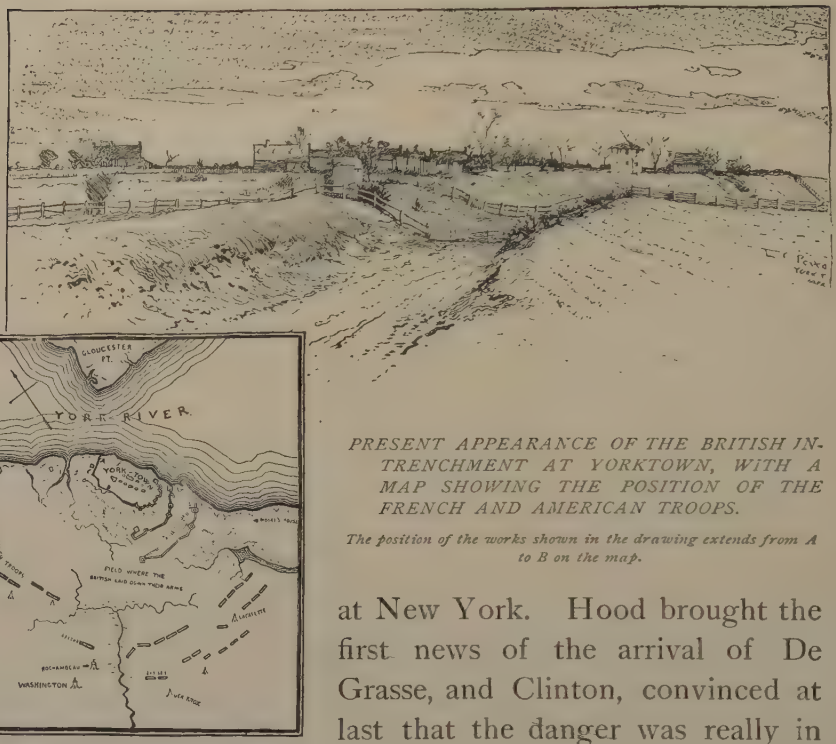
The map shows the position of the French and British ships at the time of the siege.

The appeal was successful, De Barras relented, yielded personal feelings to the good of the cause, and sailed shortly after from Newport with a siege-train and tools, taking a wide sweep to avoid the British.

Thus one great peril was passed. De Barras mollified and secured, Washington turned his whole attention to making a rapid march to the South. His movements

about New York, although not carried out to their original conclusion, were by no means wasted. They served admirably to annoy Clinton, fill him with alarm, and cause him not only to withhold reinforcements from Cornwallis, but aided by his personal jealousy they led him to order more troops back from Virginia. Washington thus turned his attack on New York into a feint, and used it as the first step for the real movement on Virginia. So secretly did he do it that even his own army was in the dark, and Clinton was completely deceived. Washington gathered provisions and forage as if for prolonged operations against New York, erected ovens even, and gave a perfect appearance of a protracted campaign. Heath was then left in command of the troops that were to remain and check the British in New York. Then, on August 19th the allied forces started for the South. They began as if about to make an attack on Staten Island, fixed in this way the attention of the enemy, and drew the whole army safely and unopposed across the Hudson and into New Jersey. On September 2d the Americans were marching through Philadelphia, followed soon after by the French, and the deceived Clinton awoke at last to the fact that Washington had slipped by him and was away out of reach and going straight to Yorktown. On September 8th the allied armies were united at the Head of Elk waiting for the fleet.

In due time the fleet came, and with it mastership of the sea, but not without hindrances very happily overcome. The British this time made the mistake, unusual with them in naval campaigns, of not concentrating their fleet and holding control of the sea. Rodney, instead of pursuing De Grasse with his entire force, sent Hood to the North with only fourteen ships to join Admiral Graves



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE BRITISH INTRENCHMENT AT YORKTOWN, WITH A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN TROOPS.

The position of the works shown in the drawing extends from A to B on the map.

at New York. Hood brought the first news of the arrival of De Grasse, and Clinton, convinced at last that the danger was really in Virginia, reluctantly allowed Graves to sail to the South. Missing De Barras, whom they had hoped to intercept, they kept on to the Chesapeake. De Grasse, who was then landing additional troops under St. Simon to go to the aid of Lafayette, although somewhat weakened, stood out as soon as the English appeared, and, on September 5th, gave them battle just as Washington and the allies were hurrying southward from Philadelphia. This action also was called indecisive, but the victory this time was with the French. The English burned one disabled frigate, and in the course of five days sailed back to New York, while the French, returning to Lynn Haven Bay, found De Barras safe with his transports and siege-

train. They were masters of the Chesapeake. At the supreme moment the sea-power was in the hands of the allies, and Washington's one essential condition of complete triumph, so prayed and longed for in the weary years gone by, was at last fulfilled. The prize of victory had been won in the indecisive action by England's failure to concentrate her fleet, by Rodney's failure to rise to Nelson's level, and follow and fight the main force of the enemy wherever it went.

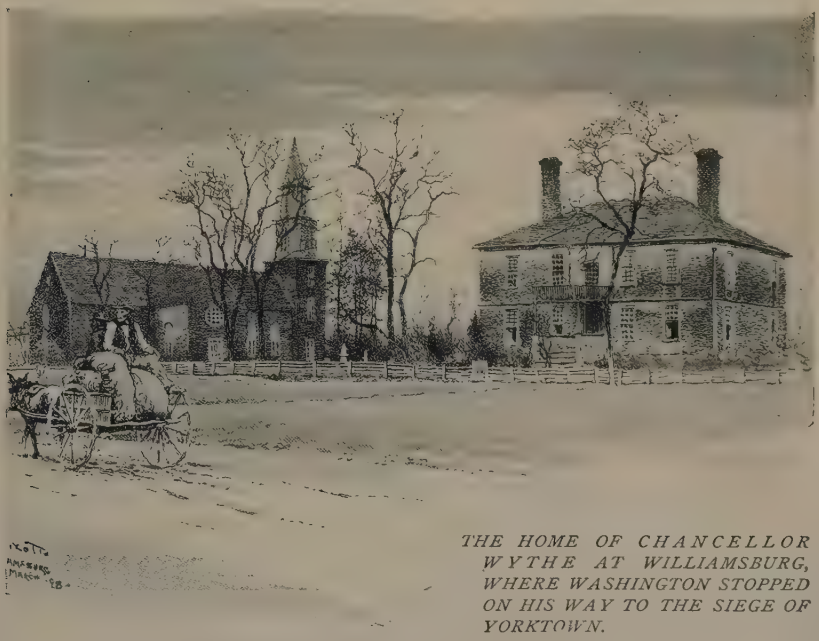
The really crucial moment had been passed, but there were still many trials, many obstacles to be overcome, and one great peril to be put aside and escaped. It was hard work to get transports, but in some fashion Washington gathered them and had assistance from the French fleet. Nowhere else, indeed, did it seem possible to get help, for Congress selected this particular moment, the eve of a great and decisive battle, to consider the question of reducing the army. One stands in silent amazement before such an exhibition of human fatuity, and the student gathers from it an impression of the utterly worn out and unnerved state of the central Government which nothing else could give. The army luckily was not reduced, but a legislative body which at such a time could even contemplate such a step was not likely to be of much help to a fighting soldier struggling manfully in a sea of troubles. Congress did not actually destroy its army in the presence of the foe, and that is all that can be said, and the statement is pitiful enough. The State Governments were little better, but they were not wholly negative; they made some efforts, slow and feeble, but still efforts to aid the General and his army. It is not easy to know just how the result was attained, but in some way or other Washington drove through

his entanglements, gathered transports here, there, and everywhere, and especially from De Barras, whom he had himself brought to the Chesapeake, and finally got the allied forces afloat and on the way to Yorktown. Then he turned off with De Rochambeau and went to Mount Vernon to see for a day the well-loved spot, to look out over the broad river after a separation of six years, to recall all that had passed, perhaps to dream for a moment of the final and complete victory which he saw at last within his grasp.

Whatever his thoughts, he did not linger long. In two days he was again on his way, and on the 17th was on the Ville de Paris congratulating De Grasse on his victory and making plans for the siege. Now at the last moment came a great peril which threatened to wreck everything. Like D'Estaing at Savannah, De Grasse had a sudden cold fit because much alarmed at news of British reinforcements, and began to reflect on the advancing season, the gales coming from the West Indies, and other unpleasant possibilities. So he made up his mind that he could not fight in the bay, and announced firmly that he must depart at once with his fleet and would leave only two ships for the siege. All the hopeful plans began to totter, failure and ruin seemed drawing near. More diplomacy was needed; more of the appeals which had brought De Barras from Boston. So Washington wrote another of his strong letters of remonstrance and argument, and zealously supported by Lafayette, prevailed. "A great mind," wrote Washington to De Grasse, "knows how to make a personal sacrifice to secure an important general good," and the fine compliment had its effect. It may not have been wholly sincere as to the "great mind," but the gratitude it

expressed came from the heart of the chief whose plans seemed about to fall in chaos and ruin.

So the last great danger-point was passed and, on September 26th, the troops landed at Williamsburg, and, on the 28th, marched on Yorktown. There they found Cornwallis occupying an intrenched camp outside the town.



THE HOME OF CHANCELLOR WYTHE AT WILLIAMSBURG, WHERE WASHINGTON STOPPED ON HIS WAY TO THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

Beyond is the old Bruton Parish Church, built about 1713.

The next day Washington extended his lines with the Americans on the right, and Cornwallis, seeing that he was outflanked, withdrew to the town and the inner line of defences. The next day the allies marched in and took possession of the abandoned works. This shut Cornwallis in completely, as on the Gloucester side the neck was occupied by the Virginia militia under Weedon and the French cavalry under the Duc de Lauzun, a typical French noble,

a man of camps and courts, of many adventures both in love and war, and altogether a very brilliant figure against the sober background of the American army. Here, when their troops were posted, a sally was attempted by Tarleton and his legion. Lauzun was out one morning with a small force and stopped at a house where, according to his universal habit, he found the hostess a very pretty woman, a fact he had time to note before she told him that Tarleton had just been there and had expressed a strong desire "to shake hands with the French Duke." This was enough for Lauzun, who at once left his pretty woman and riding forward, ran into the English cavalry. Tarleton, true to his word, made for the Duke at once, who was quite ready to receive him, but a lancer riding against Tarleton flung him to the ground and the French seeing their leader in danger, charged briskly and gayly upon the British, who had come up in some confusion, and scattered them in all directions. Tarleton lost his horse but managed to escape himself, and so passed off the American stage leaving a memory of some brilliant feats sullied by many cruelties and the massacre of prisoners.

It was not a very serious attempt, this wild dash of Tarleton, but it was the only sally actually undertaken before affairs were desperate, and served to show how hopeless the British position had become. Nothing remained, indeed, but to draw the net which had been so skilfully and successfully thrown over Cornwallis. On October 6th the heavy guns arrived, De Grasse consented to stay until November 1st, and the siege was driven forward rapidly. On the same day the first parallel was opened within three hundred yards of the British lines. On the 7th and 8th the French opened fire on the left, and the Americans on the

WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

The group of officers on the left of the picture, behind the gun, are Rochambeau, de Lauzun, Montmorency, and General Knox.

right, and the British were forced back from an outlying redoubt. The fire was continued on the 9th, and the earthworks of the enemy suffered severely. On the 10th more guns and a heavier fire, and some of the British ships were destroyed by the French fleet. On the 11th the second parallel was opened with slight loss and Cornwallis wrote to Clinton that his situation was desperate, that he was losing men fast, and that the enemy were closing in upon him. So the work went on for two days, more heavy firing on one side, crumbling defences and falling men on the other, a brave struggle against fate. On the 14th Washington decided that the two advanced redoubts on the British left were practicable and ordered an assault. The American light infantry under Lafayette were given the redoubt nearest the river, while the other was assigned to the regiments of Auvergne and Deux Ponts and the Grenadiers of Gatinois, all under the Baron de Viomenil. Alexander Hamilton led the main attack for the Americans, while Laurens commanded on the flank. Hamilton dashed forward with his accustomed impetuosity, leading his men, who had unloaded muskets and trusted wholly to the bayonet. On they went over the abatis, over the obstacles and up the parapet, and in ten minutes they had the redoubt. The Americans lost 42 in killed and wounded, the British, who surrendered as soon as their assailants poured over the parapet, 8 killed.

The French had a more serious task. The redoubt assigned to them contained more men and was more stubbornly defended. They removed the obstructions under fire, moved steadily forward, and after half an hour's hard fighting the redoubt was theirs. Count de Damas, Chevalier de Lameth, and the Count de Deux Ponts were all

THE HOUSE OF GOVERNOR NELSON AT YORKTOWN.

Governor Nelson was in command of the Virginia troops at Yorktown, and ordered his own house to be heavily bombarded, as it was occupied by Cornwallis and his staff at the time.

wounded ; it was a well-delivered assault, not without serious loss, and the regiment of Auvergne, for its share in the day's work, recovered from the King its proud title of "Auvergne sans tache."

The redoubts taken in such prompt and brilliant fashion were at once included in the American line, and Cornwallis saw the bitter end coming very near indeed. On the 16th he ordered a sortie under Colonel Abercrombie, which was made with great gallantry, but all in vain. The British forced their way into a redoubt held by the French only to be driven out again with heavy loss. Then Cornwallis

moved part of his troops to Gloucester to try to escape by water. The attempt, hopeless in any event, was completely frustrated by a storm, and on the next day the men were brought back. All was over now, and Cornwallis, with his ammunition nearly exhausted, his works shattered, and his army exposed to a destructive fire, offered to surrender. On the 18th the articles were signed. They were the same as those imposed upon the Americans at Charleston when Lincoln surrendered, and were complete. Between 8,000 and 9,000 men constituted the land forces, and these, with their guns, standards, and military chests, went to the Americans. Four ships, 30 transports, 15 galleys, and some small craft, with between 800 and 900 officers and seamen went to the French. The besiegers had lost 75 killed and 199 wounded; the British 156 killed, 326 wounded, and 70 missing. It was a final and complete result, very characteristic of the man who

THE MOORE HOUSE, IN WHICH THE CAPITULATION WAS SIGNED.

had planned it. This time all his conditions had been fulfilled and the outcome was inevitable. The British had no chance from the beginning. They were outnumbered and held in an iron grasp, both by land and sea. Theirs was the gallant struggle against fate which brave men make, and they went down before a plan which left nothing to chance and a force which afforded no loophole for escape. Sir Henry Clinton arrived off the Capes on the 24th with a fleet and reinforcements, heard the news and returned to New York, a closing performance very characteristic of English generalship in the American war. He was too late, and he was trying to play the game with an opponent who was never too late and who never forgave or overlooked mistakes made by his enemies. Six years had taught Washington much and Sir Henry Clinton nothing, so the great soldier triumphed over the physically brave gentleman of good family, who, ignorant of the conditions with which he had to deal, had seen his men slaughtered at Bunker Hill, and still despising his opponents, had arrived too late to save a British army from surrender at Yorktown. There is much room for reflection here on the vast advantage possessed by the man of veracious mind and clear intelligence, who looks facts steadily in the face and meets them unflinchingly, be they ugly or fair to see. This was perhaps the greatest among the many great qualities of George Washington, and in it we may find an explanation of the military career which began in the capture of Boston and closed in the trenches of Yorktown.

So it all ended, and nothing remained but the forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of man on great and small occasions alike. The 19th of October was the day

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

fixed for the performance of these functions so agreeable for one side, so painful to the other. At noon on that day the two redoubts on the left were surrendered, and the Americans marched into one and the French into the other. At one o'clock the redoubts on the Gloucester side were given up. At two the garrison of Yorktown marched out; at three the cavalry and light troops from

YORKTOWN, 1833, FROM THE FIELD OF ITS SURRENDER BY LORD CORNWALLIS (OCTOBER 19, 1781). RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR NELSON ON THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE PICTURE.

From an old print, after the drawing by John G. Chapman, made in 1833; now in the possession of Senator Lodge.

the Gloucester side. An hour later General O'Hara, in the absence of Lord Cornwallis, who kept his tent on the plea of illness, apologized to Washington for his chief's failure to appear and handed his sword to General Lincoln. Then the British troops, in new uniforms, moving steadily and finely, as if on parade, marched between the French and the American lines, piled their arms, and returned to their camps prisoners of war, to be dispersed and held in different States.

It was all very quietly done after the fashion of the men of English race, and with the good manners of the Frenchman. Yet it was a very memorable scene, full of meaning, not only to the actors, but to the world, and big with a future of which the men ranked there together in the fields of Virginia, their arms gleaming in the autumn sun, little dreamed.

It had been stipulated by the lovers of forms and ceremonies that when the great moment came the bands of the beaten army should play a British air. So on they marched between the silent ranks of the conquerors, the music sounding to the air well known then of "The World Turned Upside Down." The tune probably expressed very accurately the feelings of the men engaged in the unhappy business of laying down their arms that October afternoon. Their little world had indeed been turned upside down, and they were the helpless prisoners of men of their own race whom they had seen fit to ignore and despise. But that surrender at Yorktown reached far beyond the little circle of those engaged in it. It meant that the American Revolution had come to success. On one side were ranked the men of the soil who had come out victors in the long fight. Over their heads fluttered a new flag which had earned its right to live, and was the emblem of a new nation born into the world. A very great event. But there was a still deeper meaning behind that flag and that nation. They were the outward and visible signs of the momentous fact that an armed people had won their fight, set aside old systems, and resolved to govern themselves. Over against the American line were ranked the ordered troops of Louis XVI. Above them floated the white flag and the lilies of France. They had

helped a people in arms to cast out kingly rule, and in a few years they, too, would be themselves a people in arms against all Europe, and against all kings. The lilies would have withered, the white flag would be gone, and in its place the three colors of the American Republic would begin the march which was to end only at Moscow. Very significant was Yorktown to England, for it was the breaking of the British Empire. Very significant to the thirteen little States thus set forward on the hard road which was to lead them to a nation's place, and to possibilities most significant to all mankind, for it meant that the new force of democracy had won its first great battle. The movement which had begun at Philadelphia had marched to some purpose. The drum-beat, faintly heard at Concord, was sounding very loudly now to the ears of a still inattentive world upon the plains of Yorktown.

THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN YORKTOWN.

In the distance is the monument erected in 1881 to commemorate the surrender.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW PEACE WAS MADE

THE deeper meanings of Yorktown, shining out very plainly now after more than a century has come and gone, were quite hidden at the moment; but the immediate effects were sufficient even then to fill the minds of men both in the Old World and in the New. The tidings carried by Lauzun, the hard-fighting, amorous Duke, crossed the Atlantic in the surprisingly short time of twenty-two days, and were at Versailles on November 19, 1781, with great rejoicing thereupon in the brilliant Court and among the people. Great satisfaction, too, it all was to Vergennes and to the others who had planned the policy now culminating so gloriously. No doubt any longer that the blow had gone home, and that a very fine revenge had been taken upon the enemy who had wrested Canada from France. The splendid Empire of Great Britain had been broken. This fact Yorktown made clear to all men. Not seen at all, however, in the dust of defeat, was the other even more momentous fact that England would rise stronger than ever from her great disaster, and that the next fortification to crumble under the fire of the Yorktown guns would be the Bastile, symbol of the rule of one man which was to go down before the rule of all men.

From rejoicing Paris the news echoed through Europe, gratifying various kings and cabinets with the misfortune of a rival power, but giving to their complacent minds no hint of the coming overthrow of sundry well-established thrones and empires—something to be discerned only by those who listened very attentively to the deeper undertones then sounding solemnly among the ominous voices of the time. By November 25th the Paris news was in London, with Clinton's official report following hard upon it. No doubt there, at least, as to its immediate meaning. Lord North, the clever, humorous, good-natured man, seeing the right clearly and pursuing the wrong half-heartedly in obedience to the will of a dull master, threw up his hands and cried, "It is all over." Quite plain to Parliament also, when they came together two days later, was the message of Yorktown. A troubled address from the throne and the majority for the Government reduced to eighty-seven were the first faint signs of the coming revolt. A fortnight later the majority was down to forty-one on the question of giving up all further attempts to reduce the Colonies. Then came a petition from London praying peace; for London saw her commerce broken and scattered by the American privateers ranging now even to the English Channel, while ruinous rates of insurance weighed heavily upon every cargo sent out by her merchants. The King alone, stupid, obstinate, with all his instincts for being a king and even a despot in angry revolt, declared that he would never assent to the separation of the Colonies. But poor George was beaten even if he had not the wit to know it, and events, relentless and irresistible, pushed him down and passed over him. The effort to revive a personal monarchy in England had miser-

ably failed. It had been stricken down by the English people in America, as it would have been crushed by the English people at home if the hands of the Americans had not been those nearest to the work.

Rapidly now the supports about the King fell away. Lord George Germain, the heroic, who thought the Americans could not fight, departed from the Cabinet. Carleton succeeded Clinton at New York, and provision was made for nothing but defensive warfare, now reduced to holding New York and a few ports in South Carolina, to which pitiful dimensions the British Empire in America south of the Lakes had at last shrunk. Under these circumstances the decisive stroke in Parliament could not be long delayed, and on February 22d, the birthday of Washington, Conway's motion against continuing the American war failed by only one vote. This was defeat; five days later the same motion had a majority of nineteen and the doom of the Ministry was sealed. A brief season of intrigue followed, the King trying to make terms with Rockingham, who was to come in as the head of the Whigs, and to shut out Fox. But the royal experiment, shot down at Bunker Hill and surrendered at Saratoga and Yorktown, had failed too completely for compromise. No terms could be made. On March 20th Lord North announced that his Ministry was at an end, and Rockingham, shattered in health, undertook the Government and called members of both wings of his party to the Cabinet. One of these factions was headed by Charles Fox, then in the first flush of his splendid eloquence—passionate in his sympathies, earnest in his beliefs, full of noble aspirations and deep emotions. The chief of the other faction was Lord Shelburne, liberal by cultivation, cool, ambitious,

adroit, nicknamed Malagrida by his contemporaries, who thought his political methods Jesuitical. Agreement between two such men was impossible, and antagonism, en-

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

From mezzotint by John Gilbank, 1806.

LORD SHELBURNE.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi after Gainsborough, 1787.

hanced by the offices they respectively received, broke out at once. Shelburne was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, which included the Colonies; Fox, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which included all the other belligerents. But if the independence of the Colonies was conceded in advance, then it might perhaps be argued that the negotiations with them passed away from Shelburne and into the hands of Fox. Here, at all events, was a very pretty situation created for the Americans by two Secretaries of State struggling with each other and severally seeking to make peace with them. Rightly handled, the two rivals of the British Cabinet could be used to bid against one another, if there chanced

to be a diplomatist opposed to them able to take advantage of the cards thus forced into his hands.

Across the channel, as it happened, there was just the man for the conditions. Benjamin Franklin in Paris, watching every move in the game—as familiar with English politics as any statesman in London, more astute than Shelburne, and as single-minded in his devotion to his country and in his love of freedom as Fox—saw, at a glance, the opportunities opening before him. Divining the future, he began a correspondence with Shelburne, whom he knew well, before the old Ministry had actually fallen or the new one had been formed. With words of genuine desire for peace and of subtile flattery for his correspondent, he opened the negotiations with Shelburne, for he characteristically felt that he could deal better with the cunning politician of cultivated liberality than with the eager and earnest nature of Fox, who would serve best as a check and foil to the man from whom he meant to get the peace he wanted for America. Franklin, as it soon appeared, had made his first step not only shrewdly but correctly, for in response to his letter Shelburne sent Richard Oswald over to Paris to begin the negotiations.

Congress had put the peace negotiations into the hands of Commissioners, Franklin, Jay, Adams, and Laurens. The last, captured on the high seas and now out of the Tower on parole, joined Adams at The Hague, where the latter was just concluding a negotiation successful in loans and recognition, and, being without faith in the readiness of Great Britain to make peace, was in no hurry to move. Jay was in Spain, so Franklin, at the outset, was left alone with all the threads of the tangled web in his own hands.

His first step was to take possession of Oswald, Lord Shelburne's envoy, as soon as that gentleman arrived in Paris. With a fine disregard for the differing jurisdictions of the English Secretaries of State, he took Oswald to see Vergennes and started the negotiations with France in this illicit manner. Then he sent Oswald back to London with some notes of a conversation in which he assured Shelburne that Oswald was, of all others, the agent to be employed, which, from Franklin's point of view, was no doubt true. He suggested, with pleasant audacity, that Canada should be ceded to the United States, and said that this cession would assure "a durable peace and a sweet reconciliation." The old philosopher must have allowed himself to smile as he penned this sentence; but he nevertheless sent Oswald off with it, and then wrote to Jay begging him to come to Paris, and adding, significantly, "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us, in the meantime, mind our own business." Here was a great stroke. Spain was to be shut out from any share in the American negotiations, and Franklin had got rid of one great encumbrance.

Then Oswald came back from London. It appeared that Lord Shelburne did not intend to cede Canada even for "a sweet reconciliation;" but he was ready to grant complete independence, proposed the Penobscot as our Eastern boundary, and demanded security for British debts and for the loyalists. Then appeared on the scene Mr. Thomas Grenville, the representative of Mr. Fox, and the rebel Franklin introduced Mr. Fox's man to the French Minister. But Mr. Grenville came to misfortune at once. His proposition that the independence of America should

be granted to France was rejected by both Vergennes and Franklin, and Mr. Grenville found himself in need of fresh instructions. When his new powers came they authorized him to treat only with France, and yet were filled with a discussion of American affairs, so it appeared that these new powers would not do either. Vergennes insisted [illegible] clusion of France, [illegible] lin would not tell [illegible] envoy anything about American case, so that Mr. Grenville felt much chagrined and checked, and of no particular use or effect. Franklin, in fact, meant to keep the negotiations in Oswald's hands, and, although Grenville was valuable as a menace in the background, it was not intended that he should have any real part in the serious business. Franklin evidently felt that he could get more from Lord Shelburne's necessities than he could from the theories of Fox wherein events favored him, for Lord Rockingham died, Fox went out of office, and Shelburne became prime-minister. Franklin, with a clear field now, and knowing well how frail was Shelburne's tenure of office, proceeded to push his negotiations with Oswald as rapidly as possible. On July 10th he proposed the American conditions of peace. The essential irrevocable articles were full and complete independence, withdrawal of all British troops, the Mississippi as the Western boundary, the Northern and Eastern boundaries as they were before the Quebec Act of

CHARLES GRAVIER COMTE DE VERGENNES.

1774, and freedom of fishing off Newfoundland. He refused all provisions for the security of the loyalists or of British debts, and suggested an article for reciprocity of trade. Back went Oswald to London, to return with full powers and an acceptance of all Franklin's terms, the privilege of drying fish in Newfoundland being alone withheld. The treaty was practically made, the great lines upon which it was finally concluded were all agreed, and thus far [illegible] had acted alone. He had steered clear of France [illegible] Spain over. A few days only were needed [illegible]fk would have been perfected; but now his [illegible]eague's appeared in Paris, difficulties arose, delays ca[illegible]e, and there were serious perils before the end was reached.

First came Jay, quite cured by his experience in Spain of his love for a triple alliance with that country and France, and very suspicious of all that had been done in Paris. He wanted various things—an acknowledgment of independence by Parliament, and then a proclamation under the great seal, either of which if insisted upon might have wrecked the negotiations. But Jay, on being reasoned with, abandoned these demands and insisted only on having Oswald's commission recognize the United States of America, which was wise, but which also brought delay in getting the new commission, and just then all delays were dangerous. Dangerous because Shelburne's days of power were numbered, and still more perilous because it gave time for Spain to come upon the scene, and proceed to intrigue and draw France away from the United States and urge upon the Americans the abandonment of the Mississippi.

Here Jay came out with great force, and his knowl-

edge of Spain and familiarity with Spanish treachery and falsehood stood him in good stead. On no account was the valley of the great river to be given up. Then it appeared that France was meddling with the fisheries; and now Jay turned to England, convinced that it was our interest to cut clear of the continental powers. So it came to pass that a month later he and Franklin were again at work with the newly commissioned Oswald upon the treaty itself. Jay made the draft, and did it well, but it was along the lines of Franklin's first scheme, and, while it added reciprocity of trade and free navigation of the Mississippi, the Americans still stood out on the debts and the loyalists. Over went the treaty to London, once more to come back with another commissioner, Henry Strachey, Oswald being thought too pliant and in need of reinforcement. The new commissioner was to stand out for the debts and loyalists and against drying fish on Newfoundland, while the Northeastern boundary was still left open.

None of these points, however, was vital, and the treaty seemed again on the verge of completion when John Adams arrived, and, chancing to encounter Oswald and Strachey, let out that he was willing to yield on the loyalists and the debts, thus giving away Franklin's reserve, which he had been holding for a high price at the end. It was not a fortunate bit of frankness, but the negotiations had to go on, and John Adams proved himself a most valuable ally in the struggle now centring over the fisheries and the Maine boundary, where he was especially strong and peculiarly well informed. Anxious days followed, with much talking and proposing and counter-proposing, very intricate to follow out now, and confused still further by

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND RICHARD OSWALD DISCUSSING THE TREATY OF PEACE AT PARIS.

another journey of Strachey to London, with the Ministry tottering fast to its fall, and great fear that England, inspirited by Rodney's victory and the defence of Gibraltar, might throw the whole business overboard. A very ticklish, trying time this for all concerned, but Strachey came back, and then there were more anxious debates. The Americans yielded on the loyalists and the debts, but John Adams made an absolute stand for the equal rights of Americans in the fisheries. Thereupon another visit to London was proposed, but Franklin checked this by saying that in that case the claim about the loyalists and the debts would be reopened. Strachey gave way under this threat, and was followed by Fitzherbert, who had charge of the negotiations with Spain and France, and after Laurens had put the black man in by the provision that the British should carry off no slaves, the treaty was signed on November 30, 1782, subject to the further conclusion of a treaty between France and England.

So the great work was done. There has been much controversy since as to who did it—a controversy, on the whole, rather profitless, although no doubt consoling to the descendants of the eminent men who set their names to the treaty. To each may be given his full share of honor. Jay's stand on the Mississippi was admirable and strong, and he showed great capacity in dealing with the crooked Spanish side of the problem; but he made some unwise proposals, and came very near at one moment to upsetting everything by the delay which he helped to cause.

John Adams was of the highest service—learned, determined, especially versed in the questions of the New England boundary and the fisheries, which he did more

than anyone else to save unimpaired to America. But he made a dangerous admission on his arrival about loyalists and British debts, which came very near taking from us the powerful instrument which we then held fast in order to gain better terms in other directions. Nevertheless, after all deductions, both Adams and Jay rendered high and important service to America in this great negotiation, and a service which could not have been spared or dispensed with.

But there was one man about whom no deductions need be made, who guided the delicate and difficult work from the beginning, and who proved himself the great diplomatist of his day. This was Franklin, the maker of the French alliance, the great figure in the diplomacy which did so much to establish and bring to success the American Revolution. Before his colleagues arrived on the scene he had grasped with a sure hand all the conditions of the task before him. He it was who committed Shelburne to the proposition of independence, played him off against Fox, and captured Oswald, the man into whose hands he determined to force the British case. He it was who shut out Spain and held France at arm's-length.

Thus it came about that before his colleagues came the pieces in the great game were all in position, the campaign all laid out, and the lines drawn and fixed—the very lines upon which, after many weeks more of keen wrangling and argument, the treaty was finally made. In the words of Mr. Henry Adams, upon which it is impossible to improve, "Franklin, having overcome this last difficulty" (getting Shelburne to style us the United States of America), "had only to guide his impetuous

colleagues and prevent discord from doing harm. How dexterously he profited and caused his country to profit by the very idiosyncrasies of those colleagues with which he had least sympathy ; how skilfully he took advantage of accidents and smoothed difficulties away ; how subtle and keen his instincts were ; how delicate and yet how sure his touch ; all this is a story to which Mr. Bancroft has done only partial justice. Sure of England, Franklin calmly ignored Spain, gently threw on his colleagues the responsibility of dispensing with the aid of France, boldly violated his instructions from Congress, and negotiated a triumphant peace." * Spain and France marvelled to find themselves left outside. England, in the hands of this master of politics, was led, before she realized it, into giving more than she ever intended. Adams and Jay played Franklin's game with the other powers without knowing that they did so, and rested in full belief that they made the peace, while the old philosopher walked out at the end with the treaty in his hands, entirely victorious and quite contented that others should have the glory so long as he had the result.

The American rebels convinced the world that they had statesmen in Congress who could argue their case as ably as any Ministers in Europe. After six long years they had demonstrated that they could fight, and fight hard, and bring forth a great soldier to lead their armies. Now, finally, they had shown that in the field of diplomacy, in a negotiation where a bitter and defeated opponent faced them, and where suspicious allies fast cooling in friendship stood by their side, they could produce diplomatists able to wring from these adverse and perilous

* *North American Review*, April, 1875, p. 430.

conditions a most triumphant peace. All these performances in statecraft, war, and diplomacy came from a people whom England despised and therefore lost, and in this wise furnish forth one of the many impressive lessons which history loves to preserve and men delight to forget.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE WAR ENDED

GREAT effects came from the news of Yorktown when the tidings spread through Europe. Very different were its immediate results in America, and not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Washington, wholly unmoved in purpose by his great victory, turned from the field, where Cornwallis had surrendered, to do what came next in the work of completing the Revolution. He wanted De Grasse to go with him to Charleston in order to destroy the British there and finish the Southern campaign out of hand. But De Grasse would do no more. He preferred to leave the coast, part from Washington, who had planned another sure victory, and take his way to Rodney and defeat. Having thus failed with the French admiral, Washington sent to Greene all the troops he could spare, and then started north to Philadelphia. Letters had preceded him urging the old advice for better administration and a more permanent army, just as if there had been no Yorktown; and, strange to say, Congress fell in with his wishes, filled the departments, and tried to increase the army. This time the opposition and the feebleness appeared in the States and among the people. Public sentiment was relaxed, and settled down easily to the comfortable belief that Yorktown had decided every-

thing, and that all was over. The natural result followed in failure to get money or men. Washington believed that Yorktown had probably ended the struggle; but he lived in a world of facts, not probabilities, and he saw many possible and exsistent perils. The war was not over, peace was not made, and, if England held off and let the war drag on, American exhaustion and indifference might yet prove fatal and undo all that had been done. So when Washington heard that the Commons had asked the King to make peace, he wrote a letter to Congress warning them of danger and urging continued preparation. Again he wrote, pointing out that war was still going on; and even when he knew that negotiations had actually begun, he still sent words of warning and appeals for preparation to continue the war. He produced little effect—the States remained inert, the war smouldered along with petty affairs of outposts, and still peace did not come. Fortunately, the neglect of Washington's sound counsels bore no evil fruit, for England was more deeply hurt than he dared to think, and the treaty was really at hand.

But there was one subject upon which Congress failed to act where they could not be saved by the breaking down of their enemy. This was the treatment of their own army, and here there was no excuse to be made. A fear of standing armies was the avowed explanation of their inaction; but this fear, as they put it into practice, was unintelligent, while the deeper cause was their own feebleness, not untinged with jealousy of the men who had done the fighting. But, whatever the reasons, the fact remained that the soldiers were unpaid; that no provision of any sort was made for them; and that they seemed on the brink of being dismissed to their homes, in

many cases to want and destitution, with no compensation but the memory of their hardships and their victories. Washington was profoundly moved by the attitude and policy of Congress. One of the deepest emotions of his strong nature was love for his soldiers, for those who had fought with him, and with this was coupled his passionate hatred of injustice. His letters to those in authority were not only full of hot indignation, but bitter in their denunciation of a policy which would reduce the army without providing for the men, as they were mustered out. He saw, too, what Congress failed to see, that here were not only injustice and ingratitude, flagrant and even cruel, but a great and menacing danger. It is a perilous business to deal out injustice, suffering, and want to the armed soldier, because the moment is sure to come when the man with the musket says that, if anyone is to be wronged or starved, it shall not be himself. What kings, Parliaments, or Congresses or legislatures refuse unjustly, human nature in the armed man will finally take by force; and to this dangerous frame of mind the American army was fast coming. Congress and the States went cheerfully along, making a few indefinite promises and doing nothing, while the mutterings and murmurs in camp began to grow louder, until at last they found expression in an able and adroitly written address, the work of John Armstrong. The voice of the armed man was rising clearly and distinctly now. It declared the sufferings and sorrows of the soldier and the ingratitude of Congress, and called the army to action and to the use of force. Thus the direct appeal was made. Only one man could keep words from becoming deeds, and Washington came forward and took control of the whole movement. He censured the address in general

orders, and then called, himself, a meeting of the officers. When they had assembled, Washington arose with a manuscript in his hand, and as he took out his glasses he said: "You see, gentlemen, I have grown both blind and gray in your service." Very simple words, very touching, with a pathos which no rhetoric could give, a pathos possible only in a great nature deeply stirred. And then he read his speech—clear, vigorous, elevated in tone, an appeal to the past and to patriotism, an earnest prayer to leave that past unsullied and to show confidence in the Government and the civil power, the whole ending with a promise that the General would obtain justice for the army. Then he withdrew, and to that great leadership all men there yielded, and the meeting passed resolutions and adjourned. At last Congress listened. The proceedings at Newburg penetrated even their indifference, the half-pay was commuted, and with this and land warrants, and with the privilege of taking their arms home with them, the army was fain to be content. It was not much, but it saved the Congress from the reproach of leaving its soldiers destitute and the country from a military revolution; for no less a peril lurked behind the movement which Washington controlled and checked. Underneath the Newburg addresses and the murmurs of the troops, there ran a strong undercurrent of well-defined feeling in favor of taking control of the Government. The army was the one organized, efficient force in the country, their comrades in arms were scattered through all the towns and settlements, and they could appeal to the timid and the selfish everywhere in behalf of order and strength as against the feeble, impotent central government and the confused rule of thirteen States. All that they lacked was a leader, and the great

leader was there at their head if he would only consent to serve. Openly, by letter, was the proposition made to Washington, and by him rejected with dignified and stern contempt. Secretly, the same whisper was ever in his ears, and nothing would have been easier for him than to have become a "Saviour of Society." The part is always a fascinating one and very easily converted into a conscientious duty. But Washington would have none of it. He saw this fact clearly, as he saw all facts. He knew what the condition of the times made possible, but the part of military dictator did not appeal to him. He was too great a man in character for that sort of work. It seemed to him that it would be a vulgar and sorry ending to the great task which had been performed, and so the wide-open easy opportunity was never even a temptation. His one desire was to have the Revolution finish as it began, in purity and loftiness of purpose, unstained by any self-seeking, crowned with success, and undisfigured by usurpation. So he held his army in hand, prevented force and violence, stopped all attempts to make him the Cæsar or Cromwell of the new Republic, and longed in his simple fashion very ardently and very anxiously to get back to his farms and gardens at Mount Vernon.

Late in March, 1783, came the news of peace, the danger from the army disappeared, and the fighting was done. Still the General could not go to the beloved home; still Congress kept him employed in the public business, although they neither adopted nor perhaps understood the wide and far-reaching policies which he then urged upon them. Not until late in the autumn was he able to move his army down the Hudson to the city which he had held so long surrounded. At last, on November 25th, the Brit-

ish departed and Washington marched in at the head of his men. It was the outward and visible sign that the war was over; and as Washington's entrance into Boston meant that New England had been freed from English rule, so his entrance into New York meant that the Thirteen States of North America were in very truth, as Congress seven years before had declared that they were and ought to be, "free and independent."

On December 4th the officers of the army met in Fraunces' tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence, and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came, one by one; and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry, where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away, he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.

One great scene was still to be enacted, when at Annapolis Washington returned his commission to Congress. But let us leave the American Revolution here. Let us close it with this parting at the water's edge, when the man without whom the Revolution would have failed bade farewell to the officers and men without whom he could not have won. The fighting was done, the Continental Army was dissolved. That noble and gracious figure,

THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON, WITH THE INTERIOR OF HIS ROOM.

standing up alone and bare-headed in the boat which was carrying him southward and away from his army, signified to all the world that the American Revolution had ended in complete victory. Perhaps its greatest triumph was that it had brought forth such a leader of men as the one now returning to his peaceful home at Mount Vernon, and that, thanks to him, whatever mistakes had been made or defeats encountered, the war of the people for a larger liberty closed unsullied by violence and with no stain of military despotism upon its record.

CHAPTER X

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

SO the end had come. The English-speaking people had divided, the British Empire had been broken, the American Revolution had been fought out, and a new nation was born. Here, surely, was a very great event, full of significance and meaning if rightly considered. What, then, did it really mean to the world at large, and especially to the people who had made the fight, and were henceforth to be two nations?

To the world it meant the beginning of the democratic movement, so little understood at the moment, so very plain to all now. It was the coming of a new force into the western world of Europe and America. A people had risen in arms, and, disregarding all traditions and all habits, had set forth the declaration that they were to govern themselves in their own way, and that government was no longer to be the privilege of one man called a king, or of any class of men by mere right of birth. To vindicate this claim they had fought, using the only method by which any people has ever been able to prove its right to anything; and thus the armed people in opposition to the disciplined soldiers of royalty had come into existence, and the armed people had won. Great facts these, ominous and portentous even, and yet so curiously little heeded in

their deeper meanings at the moment. France thought only that she had crippled England and taken an ample revenge for the past. England knew that she had received a heavy blow, was troubled with uneasy forebodings, suspected that something was not altogether right in her system of administration, and began to stir a little with abortive projects of reform. Europe generally looked on stolidly, felt some satisfaction at England's misfortunes, and regarded the affair as well over, with much benefit to balances of power and other delights of the diplomatic mind. Even America herself thought only that her object had been obtained, that she was free from the control of a power over seas, and set to work to deal with her own concerns in a fashion by no means creditable at the outset. None of them saw the strong, deep current of change which had set in that April morning at Concord, and which had flowed on to Yorktown. It sank out of sight, as rivers sometimes do in the bowels of the earth, so soon as peace was made, and men said contentedly that there was no river after all. Six years went by, and the stream had come to the surface once more, far away from America this time, and France was moving with a deep unrest. Now the current was flowing fiercely and swiftly, with a headlong rapidity which dazed all onlookers. Privileges and orders, customs and Bastiles, went down before it, and presently other things too—men's lives and royal crowns and the heads that wore them. No doubt now of the meaning which had been obscured in America. "The rights of man," "Liberty, equality, fraternity," and other strange new cries were heard on every street-corner; and the old systems, which had fostered and played with the American Revolution, waked up and said, "This business

must be stopped, and this rabble put down." And then, behold, it could not be done—the rabble could not be put down; and the armed people, twenty-five millions strong, flung themselves on Europe, rolled back the royal armies, and carried their victories and their doctrines far beyond the borders of France.

In the armed people democracy had produced a force against which the old systems could not stand. It rushed forward with a fervor, an energy, and a wild faith which nothing could resist. A career was suddenly opened to talents, and from the inn and farm and tannery, from the petty attorney's office, the vineyard, and the shop, sprang up men who, by sheer ability, rose to command armies, govern nations, and fill thrones. Opportunity was no longer confined to those who had birth and rank, to the royal bastard or the Court favorite, and the old system, shattered by this unexpected and painful discovery, went down in ruins. Concentrated in the hands of one man, the new force swept away the wretched princelings who sold their subjects for soldiers, the little tyrants, the corrupt monarchies, and the holy inquisition, still powerful in Spain. To meet the despotism thus engendered, the people of Germany and the people of Spain had to be called forth to join England and Austria and Russia, in order to save the national existence which their kings had been unable to protect. Popular force was met at last by popular force, and when Napoleon ended at Waterloo, Metternichs and Bourbons and Liverpools and other wise persons, who had forgotten a great deal and learned nothing, thought that all was over, that nothing remained but to return to the nice old systems of the previous century, and that everything would again be quiet and comfortable.

But it soon appeared that, although a man had been defeated, the force which had made him possible and the movement which had borne him forward had not been defeated at all. The old system did not work well. There were outbreaks and unrest, and a Holy Alliance had to be made; and then an English statesman called in the New World, which had started the whole movement, to redress the balance of the Old, and the entire continental Empire of Spain in the Americas broke off and became democratic, causing great annoyance and perplexity to persons of the Metternich kind. In 1830 another revolution came in France, and the sorry revival of kings by divine right vanished in the days of July among the barricades of Paris. England, meantime, had tried to meet her own unrest by Peterloo and similar performances, and the answer had not proved satisfactory. Something different was clearly needed, and in 1832, with the splendid sense so characteristic of the English people, the Reform Bill was passed, the democratic movement was recognized, a revolution of arms was avoided, and a peaceful revolution consummated. Meanwhile Greece had escaped from Turkey, and the movement of the people to hold or share in the business of governing went steadily forward. There were years when it seemed wholly repressed and hopeless, and then years like 1848, when it rose in its might, crushed everything in its path, and took a long step ahead, with the inevitable reaction afterward, until a fresh wave gathered strength and rolled again a little higher up with the ever rising tide. Italy broke away from Austria and gained her national unity; representative systems with more or less power came into being in every European country, except Russia and Turkey; the wretched little tyrants of the petty states of Ger-

many and Italy, the oppressive temporal government of the Pope, have all been swept out of existence, and given place to a larger national life and to a recognition more or less complete of the power and rights of the people. Even to-day, in obedience to the same law, the colonial despotism of Spain has perished from the face of the earth because it was a hideous anachronism.

The democratic movement has gone so far and so fast that it is but little heeded now, and men have become almost entirely oblivious of its existence. Yet it is never still, it is always advancing. It has established itself in Japan, it cannot be disregarded even by the master of the German armies, and before many years it will be felt in Russia. So rapid has been its progress and so complete its victories that men forget what it has accomplished, turn their whole attention to the evils which it has left untouched, and are in some instances ready not merely to criticise it, but to proclaim it a failure. The statesman who declared that gratitude was a lively sense of favors to come uttered not merely a brilliant epigram but a profound philosophic truth, which applies not only to human beings, but to theories of life and to systems of government. When the democratic movement began, and for three-quarters of a century afterward, the men who were fighting for liberty and the rights of man believed, as all genuine reformers must believe, that if this vast change were carried out, if tyranny were abolished, if votes and a share in the government were given to the people, then all the evils flesh is heir to would surely disappear. The great political reform has been, in large measure, accomplished, and nevertheless many evils yet remain. There are still poverty, suffering, ignorance, injustice, lack of oppor-

tunity, crime, and misery in the world in large abundance, and so some men hasten to say that democracy has failed. They forget what democracy has done, and see only what it has left undone. The great political reform in which men believed so passionately, and for which they fought and died and suffered, has come and is still growing and expanding; and yet the earth is not a Utopia, nor have sin and sorrow vanished. It is the old story; the universal remedy was not a panacea after all, and the fact is overlooked that there are no panaceas for human ills, and that the only fair way to judge a great reform or a sweeping social and political movement is by its results, and not by fixing our eyes solely on those evils which it has left untouched and which it is powerless to cure. Tried in this way, by the only just standard, democracy has been a marvellous success—more helpful, more beneficial to the human race than any other political system yet devised by man. To it we owe the freedom of thought, the freedom of conscience, the freedom of speech, which exist to-day in their fulness among the English-speaking people, and more or less completely among all the great nations of western Europe. No longer can men be powerful solely by the accident of birth, or be endowed from the cradle with the right to torture, outrage, and imprison their fellow-beings less fortunately born.

The craving of this present time is for greater equality of opportunity, but it is to the democratic movement that we owe the vast enlargement to all men of the opportunity for happiness and success since 1776. We picture easily to ourselves the tyrannies and oppressions of the Old World which went down in the tempest of the French Revolution, and were so completely effaced that the aver-

age man in Europe neither knows nor realizes that they ever existed. But we are prone to think that in America, where government was always easy and light, the change wrought by democracy has been trifling and that we owe it little. Many men see defects and shortcomings in our municipal governments with great clearness, and some of them, while they shake their heads over the democracy which they believe guilty of these faults, are utterly blind to the great fact that democracy made slavery impossible and crushed it out only a generation ago—a deed for humanity which makes all other achievements look small. The same holds true in lesser things. We know, for example, how democracy has softened and reformed the awful criminal code of the England of Pitt and Fox, and wiped out the miseries of the debtors' prisons which Dickens described thirty years later; but we overlook the fact that we ourselves were but little better in these respects. Robert Morris, the patriot who upheld the breaking credit and failing treasury of the confederation in the last days of the Revolution, and gave to the American cause freely from his own purse, passed four years in prison in his old age for the crime of having failed in business. Such a punishment inflicted by the law for such a cause would be impossible now, and yet this is but an illustration of the vast change effected by democracy in the relations of men one to another. The altruism which is so marked a feature of the century just closing is the outcome of democracy. To the man who shares in the government of his country, or who has political rights, sympathy must be given by his fellows, for in one great relation of life they all stand together. Nothing is more hardening, nothing tends more to cruelty, than the rigid separation of

classes; and when all men have certain common political rights and an equality before the law the class-line is shattered, and men cannot consider other men as creatures wholly apart, whose sufferings are a matter of indifference. The great work of democracy has been in widening sympathy, in softening and humanizing laws, customs, and manners. The debt due to it in this way no man can estimate; for no man can now realize, in imagination, the sufferings, oppressions, cruelties, and heartless indifference of society a hundred years ago which democracy has swept away. Democracy is fallible and imperfect, because human nature is so; but it has come, it has brought untold good to mankind, it will bring yet more. It makes for humanity, civilization, and the uplifting of the whole race, and it will in greater and greater measure dominate the world and control governments. No man can stay its resistless march, and under various forms the principle that the people are to have their own governments, good or bad, no matter what the outward dress, and that the last word is with the people, is rising every day to more supreme dominion in the affairs of men. This great movement, which overthrew the world's equilibrium, brought new forces into being, and changed society and governments, began in America with the Continental Congress and the flash of the guns at Lexington and Concord. It closed its first chapter at Yorktown, and by the treaty of Paris it was acknowledged that a people had won the right to rule themselves. A very momentous conclusion this, and it was the message of the American Revolution to mankind.

To those immediately concerned in and most closely touched by it, the Revolution brought other meanings

besides that shared by the world at large, and these, too, merit consideration. Let us inquire briefly what the effect was on the combatants themselves, upon the two divisions of the English-speaking people thus created by war. Hostile statesmen on the Continent were not slow to predict that the severance of her Empire and the loss of her North American colonies meant the downfall of Great Britain. Even in England prophecies were not lacking that the zenith of her fortunes had passed and her decline begun. These forebodings—the offspring of that cheap wisdom which is empty of hope, void of imagination, and sees only the past—were soon set at naught. In the great wars which followed the French Revolution, the indomitable spirit of England raised her to a higher pinnacle of power and splendor than she had ever attained before, and the victories of war were followed by the wonderful career of colonial expansion and growing wealth of which this century has been the witness. Heavy as the loss of the North American Colonies was at the time, the American Revolution, although it divided the Empire of Great Britain, did not check its growth in other regions and in lands almost unknown to the eighteenth century. One great reason for the marvellous development of England, and for the success which has followed her arms and her commerce ever since the American Revolution, was the fact that by that bitter experience she learned well one great lesson. Never again did England make the mistakes or engage in the blundering policy which lost her all North America south of the Canadian frontier. No other English colonies were ever treated as those of the Atlantic seaboard had been ; and the wise colonial policy which has enabled England, while giving

to her colonies everywhere the largest liberty, at the same time, to grapple them to her with hooks of steel, was as much the result of the American Revolution as the Peace of Paris. In England's ability to learn this lesson we can see the secret of her wonderful success, and can contrast it with the history of Spain, whose barbarous colonial policy has cost her an empire and taught her nothing in the process.

But although England learned this lesson and profited by it with results which have surpassed the most unbounded hopes of her statesmen and people, there was another lesson which she utterly failed to heed. She learned how to deal with her other colonies, and with those still greater ones which she was destined to win, but she learned nothing as to the proper way to treat the people whom she had driven into revolt and lost, and who differed in no essential respect from English-speaking people elsewhere. Toward them she maintained the same attitude which had driven them into rebellion, and which now could only alienate them still further. The Americans, on their side, after the war feeling had subsided, were only too ready to renew with the mother-country the closest and most friendly relations. It is easier to cut political bonds than it is to sever the ties of blood and speech, and, above all, habits of daily life and intercourse, which, impalpable as they are, outlast constitutions and governments. Every habit of thought and of business, every natural prejudice and interest, still bound the Americans to England. Had she so willed she could in a few years have had the growing trade, the expanding markets, and the political sympathy of America as completely in every practical way as if the States

had remained her colonies. And it was all so simple. An evident desire to cultivate good relations with the United States, kind words, a declared policy of not interfering with the Western movement from the Atlantic States, a little generosity, and England would have made America her friend and kept her as her ally in the troublous years which were to follow. Instead of this, a course of conduct was adopted which seemed like a settled policy of injuring America in every possible way, of retarding her growth and alienating her people. Our early representatives in London were flouted and treated with rudeness and disdain. Everything possible was done to interfere with and break up our West Indian commerce, and Lord Dorchester openly incited the Indian tribes to attack our Western settlements, with a view to preventing their advance—a piece of savagery it is now difficult to conceive, and which America found it hard to forgive. Under the pressure of the struggle with France, England finally consented to make a treaty, and drove with Jay a hard bargain from our necessities. Then came the second period of Napoleonic wars. The most ordinary sense would seem to have dictated a policy which would have made the Americans, who were at that time the great seafaring people among the neutral nations, the ally of England in the desperate conflict in which she was engaged. Even Jefferson, as we now know, with all his reputed and apparent hostility to England, tried to bring about close relations between the two countries. But England pursued a steady course of hostility. There was no injury or wrong which she failed to do us ; no insult was spared us by her public men. English brutality surpassed even the cynical outrages heaped upon

us by Napoleon, and brought at last the War of 1812, a righteous war of resistance and one bringing most valuable results to the United States. "The fir frigates, with a bit of bunting at the top," at which Canning had jeered in the House of Commons, whipped England's frigates in eleven actions out of thirteen, while Perry and McDonough crushed her flotillas on the lakes. British troops burned Washington, but Jackson, with six thousand men, routed ten thousand of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans—an ample compensation. Ill-conducted as the war by land was on the American side, our naval victories and the fact that we had fought won us our place among nations, and relieved us finally from the insults and the attacks to which we had before been subjected.

England suffered in her naval prestige, gained absolutely nothing by conquest, was forced to respect our flag on the seas, and had embittered feeling between the two kindred countries. The utter fatuity of such a policy, fraught as it was with such results, seems sufficiently obvious now, and it quite equalled in stupidity that which brought the Revolution and cost England her colonies.

Nevertheless, for a time, the War of 1812 improved our mutual relations. Americans were pleased by their successes on sea and by the victory of New Orleans, while England both felt and manifested a respect for a people who had fought her so hard. The result was seen in a better understanding and in the Monroe Doctrine, which was promulgated as much by George Canning as by the American President. So easy was it for the two nations to come together when the older country did not put obstacles in the way. But the fair prospect was soon

overclouded. The English traveller and author came in as the century advanced, to widen the breach between the two countries more effectively, perhaps, than the statesmen had done. We had already enjoyed a taste of this criticism in the writings of Mr. Thomas Moore, who came to the United States at the beginning of the century and mourned over our decay, in verses of trifling poetical merit and great smoothness of rhyme and metre. But thirty years later there arose a swarm of writers, of whom Mrs. Trollope and Dickens were, perhaps, the most conspicuous, who gratified their own feelings and met their home market with descriptions of the United States and its people which left nothing offensive unsaid. Our hospitality to our critics was no protection to us, and a sense of ingratitude added poison to the smart of wounded vanity. We were a young nation, beginning to grow very rapidly, engaged in the hard, rough work of subduing a continent. We had all the faults and shortcomings of a new and quickly growing community; and no doubt a great deal of what our critics said was perfectly true, which may have sharpened the sting. But the faults were largely superficial, and the nation was engaged in a great work and was sound at the core. This fact our English critics had not the generosity to admit, and their refusal to do so galled our pride.

We had one great defect of youth, as a matter of course. We were weakly and abnormally sensitive to outside and adverse criticism. Attacks or satire which no one would notice now except to laugh at them, which, for the most part, would not be heard of at all to-day, in the first half of the century cut us to the quick. That they should have done so was, no doubt, foolish and

youthful; but that does not affect the question of whether it was wise in England through her newspapers, her authors, and her magazines to treat the United States systematically, so far as one could see, in a manner which, as Mr. Justice Maule said to Sir Richard Bethell, "would have been an insult from God Almighty to a black beetle." Was it worth while to take so much pains to convert into enemies a great and growing people who spoke the same tongue, had the same aspirations, and were naturally inclined to be friends with the old home which their ancestors had left so many years before?

There was one criticism, however, which the English made, and which they had the right, even the duty, to make without mercy, and they did it unsparingly. No denunciation could be too severe of English-speaking people who in the nineteenth century boasted of their own freedom and maintained human slavery. To this righteous criticism of the United States there could be no answer, and there was none. But the years went by and brought, in due time, the inevitable conflict between slavery and freedom. The North was fighting for Union, but its victory meant the downfall of slavery. The loyal North therefore turned confidently for support to England, which had denounced American slavery, and found the sympathy of her Government and ruling classes given wholly to the slave-holding South. Never was there a more painful, a more awful surprise. England went far enough in adverse action to fill the North with bitterness, and not far enough to leave the South with anything but a sense of betrayal and the anger of the vanquished against a false friend. At last the Union emerged triumphant from its

great life and death struggle. In those four dark years our youth had gone; and we came out not only with a conviction of our own strength, but with an utter indifference to foreign opinion, which was as right and wholesome as our former sensitiveness had been foolish and unwise. None the less, the memories of England's conduct in our hour of need rankled deeply—and we regarded Mr. Gladstone's wise and statesmanlike policy of arbitration as merely extorted by the respect which military power and success always produce.

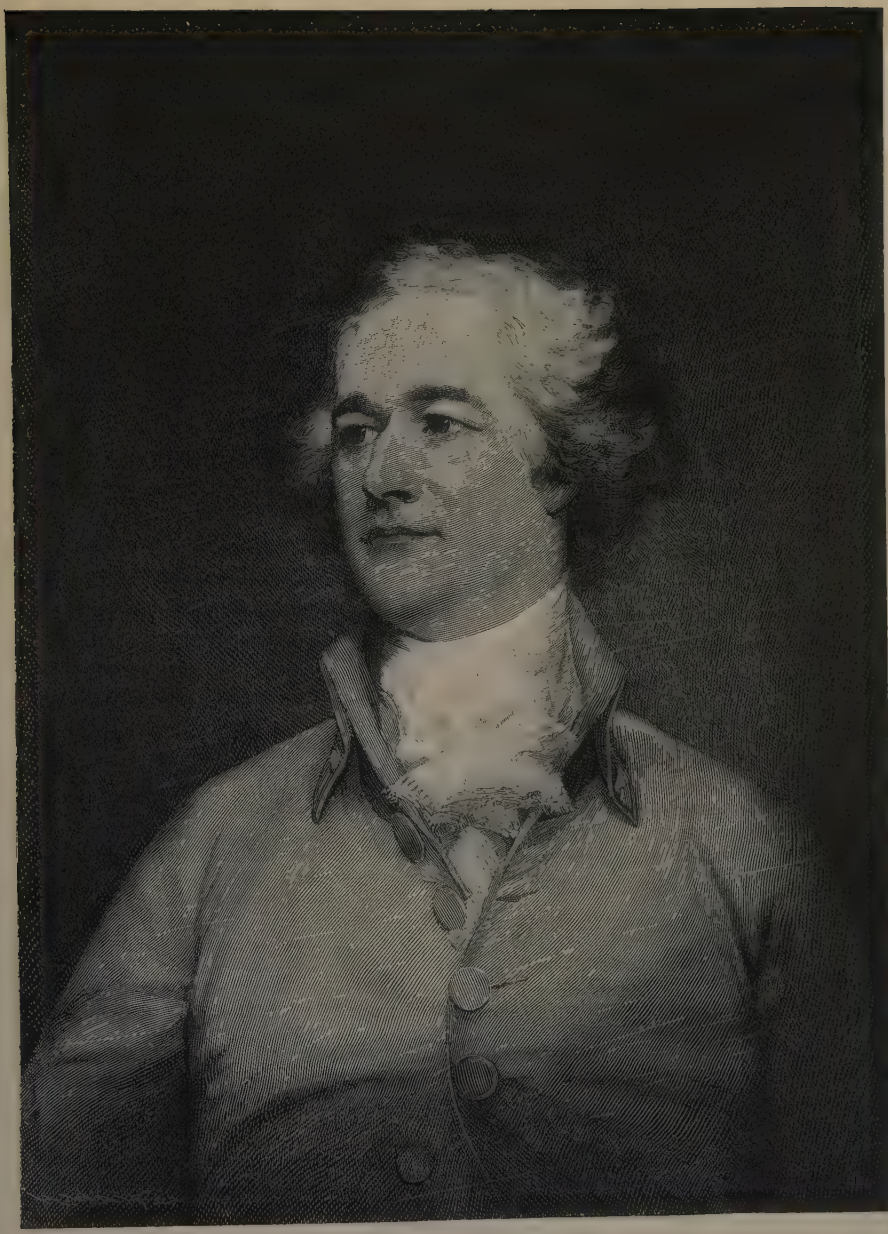
Again the years went by, and the old animosities had begun to quiet down when the seal controversy arose, and America was utterly unable to understand why England should insist on a course of action which has resulted and could only result in the destruction of those valuable herds. Her action throughout this unlucky question seemed as if dictated by mere malice. Then came Venezuela, and a few plain, rough words from Mr. Cleveland brought a just settlement of a question very momentous in its meanings to the United States, which twenty years of civil remonstrance and argument had failed to obtain. England, careless of the past, wondered at the sudden burst of hostility in the United States; while Americans were brought to believe that we could get neither justice nor civility from England, except by harsh words and by going even to the verge of war. It was not a very encouraging sight, this spectacle then presented by the two great English-speaking nations. Such a frame of mind, such an attitude, was something to wonder at, not to praise. Be it remembered, also, that the Americans are not ungrateful and have never been slow to recognize their friends in England. They have never

forgotten that the Queen and Prince Albert, John Bright and Richard Cobden, and the workingmen of England were their friends and stood by them in the Civil War. They recall, not without a touch of pride, that the friends of America in England include not only those of the dark days of 1861, but the great names of Chatham and Burke and Camden, even when revolution tore the Empire asunder. But the friends of America thus far have never been the Government or the Ministry, or the mass of the ruling classes in England.

Less than a year ago I should have stopped here, with words of regret that the lesson of the American Revolution, so far as the United States was concerned, had not yet been learned by England, and the expression of the earnest hope that this mastery of its meaning might not be much further delayed. Now it is no longer possible to stop here. Events have shown that the lesson of the Revolution has at last been learned, and that all that has just been said as to the ease with which the friendship of the United States could be obtained by England is more than justified. It could not well be otherwise, when right methods were pursued, for friendship between the two nations is natural, not only by the common speech, hopes, beliefs, and ideals, but by the much stronger ties of real interest, while enmity is unnatural and can be created only by effort.

The United States went to war with Spain. It is now easily seen that the conflict was inevitable. "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Spanish colonial despotism and the free government of the United States could not exist longer side by side.

The conflict, which had been going on for a century, was as inexorable as that between freedom and slavery. The war happened to come now instead of later, that is all. Once engaged in war the United States neither desired nor needed aid from anyone. But nations as well as men like sympathy. From the people of Europe we met with neutrality, but also with criticism, attack, and with every manifestation of dislike in greater or less degree, and from Germany, with a thinly veiled, mousing hostility which did not become overt, because, like the poor cat in the adage, it let "I dare not wait upon I would." From the English-speaking people everywhere came, on the other hand, spontaneous, heartfelt sympathy, and England's Government showed that the sympathy of the people was represented in her rulers. That was all that was needed, all that was ever needed. No matter what the reason, the fact was there. The lesson of the American Revolution was plain at last, and the attitude of sympathy, the policy which would have prevented that Revolution, finally was given to the great nation that has sprung from the Colonies which Washington led to independence. How America has responded to the sympathy of England all men know, better perhaps in the United States than anywhere else. Community of sympathy and interest will make a friendship between the nations far stronger than any treaties can create. The artificial barriers are down, and all right-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic must earnestly strive to prove that it is not a facile optimism which now believes that the friendship so long postponed and so full of promise for humanity and civilization must long endure. The millions who speak the English tongue in all parts of the earth must surely see now that, once



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

From the painting by John Trumbull, 1792.

united in friendship, it can be said, even as Shakespeare said three hundred years ago :

> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them.

To the victorious Americans the Revolution meant, at first, simply that they had freed their country from English rule, and henceforth were to govern themselves. With the close of the war it seemed to them that all was completed, and that they had nothing to do but go on in the old way with their State governments. Washington and Hamilton and others who thought deeply and were charged with heavy responsibility saw very plainly that there must be a better central Government, or else America would degenerate into thirteen jarring and warring States, and the American Revolution would prove a more dire failure in its triumphant outcome than any defeat in battle could have brought. The earnest words of Washington fell on deaf ears, even while war was in progress; and when the pressure of war was withdrawn the feeble confederation dropped to pieces, disorder broke out in various quarters, new states began to spring up, and disintegration spread and became threatening. The American people had won in fight the right and opportunity to govern themselves, and the great question which now confronted them was whether they were able and fit to do it. It was soon apparent that the Revolution had for them not merely the message that they had freed themselves from England, but far deeper meanings. They had proved that they could fight. Could they also prove that they were worthy of the victory they had won, and that they had

the right to live as a people? Could they make a nation, or were they incapable of that great achievement, and able only to go jarring on to nothingness, a wrangling collection of petty republics? Here was a task far heavier, infinitely more difficult, than that of armed revolution. They had shown that they were a fighting people, as was to have been expected. Could they also show that they were likewise a great people capable of building up a nation, capable of construction, with the ruling, conquering, imperial instinct of their race still vital and strong within them? The answer the American people gave to these questions of life and death, which all the peoples of the earth have to answer rightly or perish, is the history of the United States. They dragged themselves out of the disintegration and chaos of the confederation and formed the Constitution of the United States. It was hard work, there were many narrow escapes, much bitter opposition, but the great step was taken and the instrument adopted which made a nation possible. The struggle then began in earnest, and lasted for three-quarters of a century, between the forces of separatism, which meant at bottom a return to chaos and to that disorder which is hateful to gods and men, and the forces of union, which meant order, strength, and power. It was a long and doubtful conflict. The Constitution was tried in its infancy by the Whiskey Rebellion, a little later it was threatened by Virginia and Kentucky, a little later still by New England, then by South Carolina and nullification; and yet through all and under all the national spirit was growing, and the Constitution was changing from a noble experiment into the charter of a nation. At last the supreme test came. Freedom and slavery, two hostile

social and economic systems, were struggling for domination. They could not live side by side. One must go, and in their irrepressible conflict they brought civil war. It was the final trial. In the terrible ordeal of battle the national principle prevailed, and it was shown that democracy, though slow to enter upon war, could fight with relentless determination for a complete victory.

The Civil War ended the struggle between the principle of separatism and that of union and undivided empire. The national principle henceforth was to have unquestioned sway. But during all the seventy-five years of strife between the contending principles, another great movement had been going forward, which was itself indeed a child of the national spirit and the outcome of the instinct of a governing race. We began to widen our borders and annex territory, and we carried on this appropriation of land upon a scale which, during the same period, has been surpassed by England alone. Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase in disregard of all suggestions of constitutional objections, thus more than doubling the national domain, and carrying our possessions to regions more remote and inaccessible to us then than any point on the earth's surface is to-day. Monroe took the Floridas. Then came Texas, then the great accessions of the Mexican War, and we had an empire in our hands stretching from ocean to ocean. After the Civil War the American people turned all their energy to subduing and occupying the vast territory which they had bought with their money or conquered by their sword. It was an enormous task, and absorbed the strength and enterprise of the people for thirty years. Finally the work was done, the frontiers advancing from the East and the West disappeared and melted together;

even Alaska, the only large acquisition after the Civil War, was opened to settlement and to the in-rush of the miner and lumberman. The less than three millions of the Revolution had grown to be over seventy millions, masters of a continent rich beyond all the early dreams of wealth, with unlimited revenues, and still untamed in hope and energy. They had built up an industrial system which had far outrun all that Hamilton ever dared to imagine, and held at home the greatest market in the world. Such a nation could not be developed in this way and yet be kept fettered in its interests and activities by its own boundaries. Sooner or later it was bound to return to the ocean which it had abandoned temporarily for the easier opportunities of its own land. Sooner or later it was sure to become a world-power, for it had grown too powerful, too rich ; it had too many interests, it desired too many openings for its enterprise, to remain shut up even by the ocean borders of a continent. How and when this change would come no man could tell. Great movements which have long been ripening and making ready always start suddenly into active life at the last, and men look at them with wild surmise and think they are new when they are in reality very old. So the inevitable has happened, and the Spanish war has awakened the people of the United States to the fact that they have risen to be a world-power, henceforth to be reckoned with among the very few great nations of the earth. The questions of the acquisition here and there of territory upon which markets rest or defence depends are details. The great fact is the abandonment of isolation, and this can neither be escaped nor denied. There is no inconsistency here with the past. It is the logical result of our development as a nation. Our foreign policy has always

been wise and simple. Washington laid down the proposition that we should not meddle in the affairs of Europe, and, with France in his mind, warned us against entangling alliances. Monroe added the corollary that Europe should not be permitted to make any new acquisitions of territory in the Americas. To both doctrines we have held firmly, and that of Monroe we have extended and enforced, and shall always enforce it, now more than ever before. But neither Washington nor Monroe sought to limit us either in our own hemisphere or in parts of the world other than Europe. They were wise men with wise policies, but they could not read our unknown future nor deal with problems far beyond their ken. They marked the line so far as they could foresee the course then, and were too sagacious to lay down rules and limitations about the unknowable, such as the doubting and timid of a later generation would fain attribute to them. Isolation in the United States has been a habit, not a policy. It has been bred by circumstances and by them justified. When the circumstances change, the habit perforce changes too, and new policies are born to suit new conditions.

The American people have made mistakes, as all people do who make anything. They have had their errors, failures, and shortcomings, and they have many grave problems to solve, many evils to mitigate, many difficulties to conquer. But after all deductions are made, the American democracy has achieved a marvellous success, moral and intellectual, as well as material. It has lifted up humanity; it has raised the standard of life; it has added to the well-being, freedom, and happiness of the average man; it has made strongly for justice, civilization, liberty, and peace. It has proved worthy of its heritage.

Now, having made a great nation, it has become a world-power, because it is too great and powerful to be aught else. A great self-governing nation and a world-power; such has come to be the result and the meaning of the Revolution of 1776 to Americans and to mankind.

APPENDIX

I

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In Congress, July 4, 1776

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their

future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

2. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operations till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

3. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

4. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

5. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

6. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasions from without, and convulsions within.

7. He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

8. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

9. He has made judges dependent of his will alone for the tenure on their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

10. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out their substance.

11. He has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

12. He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

13. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation;

14. For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

15. For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

16. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

17. For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

18. For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of a trial by jury;

19. For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences;

20. For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

21. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments;

22. For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

23. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

24. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

25. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

26. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

27. He has excited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for re-

dress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved, and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

II

THE PARIS TREATY

Definitive Treaty of Peace Between the United States of America and His Britannic Majesty. Concluded at Paris, September 3, 1783

In the name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity.

It having pleased the Divine Providence to dispose the hearts of the most serene and most potent Prince, George the Third, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, Arch-Treasurer and Prince Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, &ca., and of the United States of America, to forget all past misunderstandings and differences that have unhappily interrupted the good correspondence and friendship which they mutually wish to restore; and to establish such a beneficial and satisfactory intercourse between the two countries, upon the ground of reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience, as may promote and secure to both perpetual peace and harmony: And having for this desirable end already laid the foundation of peace and reconciliation, by the provisional articles, signed at Paris, on the 30th of Nov'r, 1782, by the commissioners empowered on each part, which articles were agreed to be inserted in and to constitute the treaty of peace proposed to be concluded between the Crown of Great Britain and the said United States, but which treaty was not to be concluded until terms of peace should be agreed upon between Great Britain and France, and His Britannic Majesty should be ready to conclude such treaty accordingly; and the treaty between Great Britain and France having since been concluded, His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, in order to carry into full effect the provisional articles above mentioned, according to the tenor thereof, have constituted and appointed, that is to say, His

Britannic Majesty on his part, David Hartley, esqr., member of the Parliament of Great Britain; and the said United States on their part, John Adams, esqr., late a commissioner of the United States of America at the Court of Versailles, late Delegate in Congress from the State of Massachusetts, and chief justice of the said State, and Minister Plenipotentiary of the said United States to their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Netherlands; Benjamin Franklin, esq're, late Delegate in Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, president of the convention of the said State, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America at the Court of Versailles; John Jay, esq're, late president of Congress, and chief justice of the State of New York, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the said United States at the Court of Madrid, to be the Plenipotentiaries for the concluding and signing the present definitive treaty; who, after having reciprocally communicated their respective full powers, have agreed upon and confirmed the following articles:

ARTICLE I.

His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz. New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, to be free, sovereign and independent States; that he treats with them as such, and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the Government, proprietary and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof.

ARTICLE II.

And that all disputes which might arise in future, on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared, that the following are, and shall be their boundaries, viz.: From the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of Saint Croix River to the Highlands; along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the northwestern-most head of Connecticut River; thence down along the middle of that river, to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude;

from thence, by a line due west on said latitude, until it strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraquy; thence along the middle of said river into Lake Ontario, through the middle of said lake until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and Lake Erie; thence along the middle of said communication into Lake Erie, through the middle of said lake until it arrives at the water communication between that lake and Lake Huron; thence along the middle of said water communication into the Lake Huron; thence through the middle of said lake to the water communication between that lake and Lake Superior; thence through Lake Superior northward of the Isles Royal and Phelipeaux, to the Long Lake; thence through the middle of said Long Lake, and the water communication between it and the Lake of the Woods, to the said Lake of the Woods; thence through the said lake to the most northwestern point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the river Mississippi; thence by a line to be drawn along the middle of the said river Mississippi until it shall intersect the northernmost part of the thirty-first degree of north latitude. South, by a line to be drawn due east from the determination of the line last mentioned, in the latitude of thirty-one degrees north of the Equator, to the middle of the river Apalachicola or Catahouche; thence along the middle thereof to its junction with the Flint River; thence straight to the head of St. Mary's River; and thence down along the middle of St. Mary's River to the Atlantic Ocean. East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid Highlands, which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic Ocean from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence; comprehending all islands within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries between Nova Scotia on the one part, and East Florida on the other, shall respectively touch the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic Ocean; excepting such islands as now are, or heretofore have been, within the limits of the said province of Nova Scotia.

ARTICLE III.

It is agreed that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested the right to take fish of every kind on the Grand Bank, and on all the other banks of Newfoundland; also in the

Gulph of Saint Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish. And also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that island) and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America ; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unsettled ; but so soon as the same or either of them shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement, without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground.

ARTICLE IV.

It is agreed that creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value in sterling money, of all bona fide debts heretofore contracted.

ARTICLE V.

It is agreed that the Congress shall earnestly recommend it to the legislatures of the respective States, to provide for the restitution of all estates, rights, and properties which have been confiscated, belonging to real British subjects, and also of the estates, rights, and properties of persons resident in districts in the possession of His Majesty's arms, and who have not borne arms against the said United States. And that persons of any other description shall have free liberty to go to any part or parts of any of the thirteen United States, and therein to remain twelve months, unmolested in their endeavours to obtain the restitution of such of their estates, rights, and properties as may have been confiscated ; and that Congress shall also earnestly recommend to the several States a reconsideration and revision of all acts or laws regarding the premises, so as to render the said laws or acts perfectly consistent, not only with justice and equity, but with that spirit of conciliation which, on the return of the blessings of peace, should universally prevail. And that Congress shall also earnestly recommend to the several States,

that the estates, rights, and properties of such last mentioned persons, shall be restored to them, they refunding to any persons who may now be in possession, the bona fide price (where any has been given) which such persons may have paid on purchasing any of the said lands, rights, or properties, since the confiscation. And it is agreed, that all persons who have any interest in confiscated lands, either by debts, marriage settlements, or otherwise, shall meet with no lawful impediment in the prosecution of their just rights.

ARTICLE VI.

That there shall be no future confiscations made, nor any prosecutions commenc'd against any person or persons for, or by reason of the part which he or they may have taken in the present war; and that no person shall, on that account, suffer any future loss or damage, either in his person, liberty, or property; and that those who may be in confinement on such charges, at the time of the ratification of the treaty in America, shall be immediately set at liberty, and the prosecutions so commenced be discontinued.

ARTICLE VII.

There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between His Britannic Majesty and the said States, and between the subjects of the one and the citizens of the other, wherefore all hostilities, both by sea and land, shall from henceforth cease: All prisoners on both sides shall be set at liberty, and His Britannic Majesty shall, with all convenient speed, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any negroes or other property of the American inhabitants, withdraw all his armies, garrisons, and fleets from the said United States, and from every port, place, and harbour within the same; leaving in all fortifications the American artillery that may be therein: And shall also order and cause all archives, records, deeds, and papers, belonging to any of the said States, or their citizens, which, in the course of the war, may have fallen into the hands of the officers, to be forthwith restored and deliver'd to the proper States and persons to whom they belong.

ARTICLE VIII.

The navigation of the river Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall for ever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain, and the citizens of the United States.

ARTICLE IX.

In case it should so happen that any place or territory belonging to Great Britain or to the United States, should have been conquer'd by the arms of either from the other, before the arrival of the said provisional articles in America, it is agreed, that the same shall be restored without difficulty, and without requiring any compensation.

ARTICLE X.

The solemn ratifications of the present treaty, expedited in good and due form, shall be exchanged between the contracting parties, in the space of six months, or sooner if possible, to be computed from the day of the signature of the present treaty. In witness whereof, we the undersigned, their Ministers Plenipotentiary, have in their name and in virtue of our full powers, signed with our hands the present definitive treaty, and caused the seals of our arms to be affix'd thereto.

Done at Paris, this third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three.

D. HARTLEY. (L. S.)
JOHN ADAMS. (L. S.)
B. FRANKLIN. (L. S.)
JOHN JAY. (L. S.)

III

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS ON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION

ANNAPOLIS, 23 December, 1783.

Mr. President,

The great events, on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen, who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, Sir, to recommend in particular those, who have continued in service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country

to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF PARIS
65, Quai d'Orsay
75007 PARIS
France

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